ANYTHING THAT MOVES

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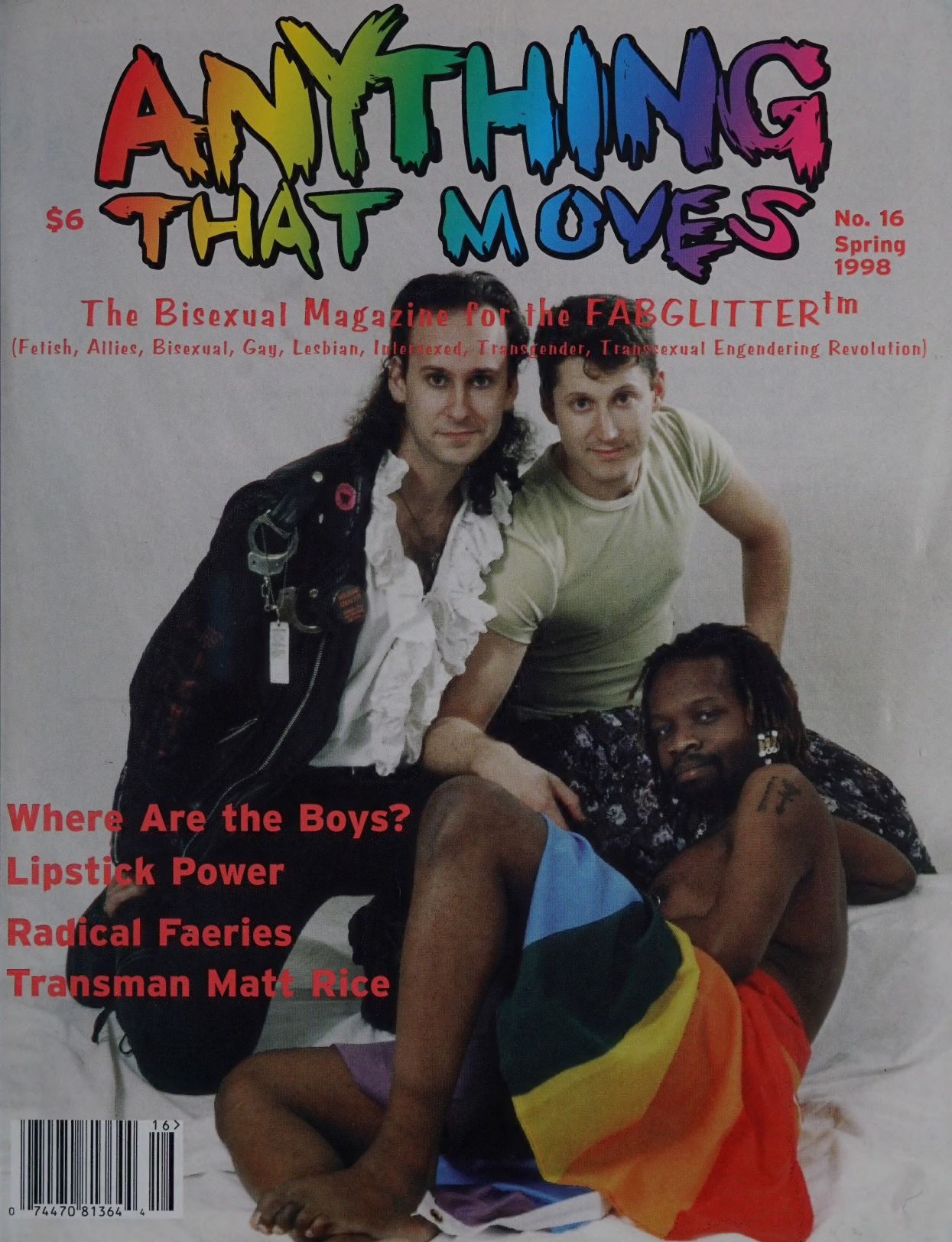
No. 16
Spring
1998

The Bisexual Magazine for the FABGLITTER™

(Fetish, Allies, Bisexual, Gay, Lesbian, Intersexed, Transgender, Transsexual Engendering Revolution)



Where Are the Boys?

Lipstick Power

Radical Faeries

Transman Matt Rice

16

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ANYTHING THAT MOVES:

The Bisexual Magazine for the FABGLITTER™

(Fetish, Allies, Bisexual, Gay, Lesbian, Intersexed, Transgender, Transsexual Engendering Revolution)

MOVE (MOOV): 1. TO ADVANCE, PROGRESS, OR MAKE PROGRESS. 2. TO CHANGE PLACE OR POSITION. 3. TO TAKE ACTION. 4. TO PROMPT, ACTUATE OR IMPEL INTO ACTION. 5. ACTION TOWARD AN END; A STEP. 6. TO SET IN MOTION; STIR OR SHAKE.

Our choice to use this title for the magazine has been nothing less than controversial. That we would choose to redefine the stereotype that "bisexuals will fuck anything that moves" to suit our own purposes has created myriad reactions. Those critical of the title feel we are perpetuating the stereotype and damaging our image. Those in favor of its use see it as a movement away from the stereotype, toward bisexual empowerment.

We deliberately choose the radical approach. We are creating dialogue through controversy. We are challenging people to face their own external and internal biphobia. We are demanding attention, and are re-defining "anything that moves" on our own terms.

WE WILL WRITE OR PRINT OR SAY *ANYTHING THAT MOVES* US BEYOND THE LIMITING STEREOTYPES THAT ARE DISPLACED ONTO US.

This magazine was created by bisexuals and their friends. All proceeds are invested into its production and the bisexual community. *ATM* was created out of pride; out of necessity; out of anger. We are tired of being analyzed, defined and represented by people other than ourselves — or worse yet, not considered at all. We are frustrated by the imposed isolation and invisibility that comes from being told or expected to choose either a homosexual or heterosexual identity.

Bisexuality is a whole, fluid identity. Do not assume that bisexuality is binary or duogamous in nature: that we have "two" sides or that we MUST be involved simultaneously with both genders to be fulfilled human beings. In fact, don't assume that there are only two genders. Do not mistake our fluidity for confusion, irresponsibility, or an inability to commit. Do not equate promiscuity, infidelity, or unsafe sexual behavior with bisexuality. Those are human traits that cross ALL sexual orientations. Nothing should be assumed about anyone's sexuality — including your own.

We are angered by those who refuse to accept our existence; our issues; our contributions; our alliances; our voice. It is time for the bisexual voice to be heard. Do not expect each magazine to be representative of all bisexuals, for our diversity is too vast. Do not expect a clear-cut definition of bisexuality to jump out from the pages. We bisexuals tend to define bisexuality in ways that are unique to our own individuality.

There are as many definitions of bisexuality as there are bisexuals. Many of us choose not to label ourselves anything at all, and find the word 'bisexual' to be inadequate and too limiting. Do not assume that the opinions expressed are shared by all bisexuals, by those actively involved in the bisexual movement, or by the *ATM* staff.

What you can expect is a magazine that, through its inclusive and diverse nature, creates movement away from external and internal limitations. This magazine is about ANYTHING THAT MOVES: that moves us to think; that moves us to fuck (or not); that moves us to feel; that moves us to believe in ourselves —

To Do It For Ourselves!

ANYTHING THAT MOVES

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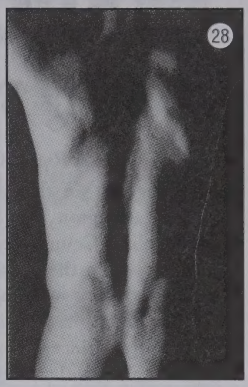
ATM'S BI SCOUT MANUAL

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Issue #16



BOYS WHO DO BOYS

12 **Boy, Girl, Boy, Girl...** *by M.S. Montgomery*
A Bisexual Autobiography

16 **Fey Ways** *by Tom Kwai Lam*
Magic, Faggotry, and the Radical Faeries

19 **Welcome to Faerieland** *by Luigi Ferrer*
Reaching Short Mountain Sancturary

21 **Fey Enough?** *by Keith Hennessy*
Harry Hay, Biphobia, and the Faeries

22 **A Family Chosen** *by Peter Dell*
Two Plus One Equals...

25 **The Bi Scouts Want You**
Embark on a World of Adventure

26 **Where Are the Boys?** *by Mark Silver*
Lots of Women, but Bi Boys are Scarce

28 **Boys Who Do Boys** *fiction by Jack Random*
Becoming One of the Ones who Know

32 **The Men of ATM**
Snips, Snails, and Puppy Dog Tails

34 **Surviving the Storm** *by Joe Wright*
Bi Men and HIV

42 **Transman Matt Rice** *interview by Marshall Miller*
The New Queer Identity

DEPARTMENTS

2 **Editorial: Marching on the Capitols**
3 **Letters to the Editor**
10 **About the Cover Artist: Cris Kelly**
46 **What Your Mother Never Told You**
48 **Music, Book and Film Reviews**
52 **Extra! Extra! Read All About Us**
58 **Global Bi Resource Guide**
59 ***ATM* Submission Guidelines**
61 **Who's Watching Big Brother?**
62 **Dear Jane: The Soap Opera, Part 7**

ARTICLES AND POETRY

5 **Putting the Spotlight on Violence** *by Jennifer Rakowski*
Building a Community Response to Hate

6 **Engendering Femme** *by Rachel Lanzerotti*
More than Just a Lipstick Case

11 **the Woman within** *poetry by Jay Rubin*
Don't Tell Him He Doesn't Understand

38 **Airing Our Dirty Laundry** *by Mark Silver*
Transphobia? At *ATM*?... Yes.

39 **Trans-Bi Line: Patterns** *by Patricia Kevena Fili*
Freeing Yourself from Oppressive Behaviors

51 **Part One** *by Bill Dawson*
A Comical Look at a Dread -Ism

64 **Red Hanky Panky** *by Rachael House*
Queer Comix from England

MARCHING ON THE CAPITOLS

Choosing Between Washington, All 50 States and Rome

The Human Rights Campaign (HRC) has backpedaled, slightly, on the plans for a Millennium March on Washington in the year 2000 that they, the Metropolitan Community Church, and Robin Tyler, veteran organizer from the previous March On Washington, had announced a few weeks ago. A time out has been called, and Birch has apologized for the process, saying it "could have been much better," since various leaders of national organizations had complained that they were given just one hour's notice prior to the press conference. There will be further discussion of the merits of a national march versus a simultaneous march on the 50 state capitols, a grassroots idea that has been talked about since 1993.

While another March on Washington will no doubt do some good work — it will be an election year after all — and create more visibility, it seems to me that a 50-state march on the capitols can do much more good this time around. One reason is that most of the anti-queer work the organized homophobes are doing is on the state level, around DOMA and trying to repeal civil rights acts we've managed to pass. The other reason is that a lot of grassroots activists have done amazing work, not the least of which is getting BGLT folks into key local and regional political offices. The 50-state march would build on these efforts, and help to nurture our communities.

There's also a really big reason to leave the year 2000 open in our calendars. An Italian queer organization is calling for a World Pride march on Rome in 2000 (see News Briefs, p.57), and, although the date has not been fixed yet, it will most likely be during the Catholic Millennium Jubilee in the Vatican. Because of the Catholic church's virulent homophobic attitude and policies, many BGLT organizations from countries around the globe are planning to attend. Make no mistake, this will be no "t-shirt booth, wave a rainbow flag" parade. This will be an activist, grassroots action in the pope's home town. Whether or not you or I can, as individuals, afford to go to Rome, we need to support this world march, and not let any other event here in the U.S. eclipse it. In fact, considering the amount of money likely to come in from Robin Tyler's corporate sponsors (if that's any clue what kind of a march the Millennium March will be), some of that money should be used not only to support the 50-capitol march, which Birch has already suggested, but also to support the world march.

It's items like a major international event happening the same year that get overlooked when hasty decisions are made. The details of the whole process by which the Millennium March was announced have been the subject of considerable discussion and debate, some of which are reported in this issue (also News Briefs, p.57). My concern comes in when so many of our national organizations felt pressured to endorse the Millennium March, and did so, with only a few minutes to decide.

In my line of work as a paramedic, easily 99% of the decisions I have to make are *not* split-second, life-saving decisions. In thinking about our liberation movement, we've been working on this patient for decades, centuries even, and it ain't dying on us anytime soon. With this perspective, no one should feel pressured to make big decisions on short notice. All of us who are in a position where someone is pressuring us for an answer yesterday — we don't have to bow to that pressure, we don't have to decide alone. I think we've all made hasty decisions that we regret, and I've found that the best decisions are made when as many as possible of those who will be affected by the decision can have input.

So here's my two cents: it's a short timeline, but we should march in 1999 in our states, and save our pennies to be in Rome if we can, or in D.C. if we can't, in the year 2000. And let's make it not only a queer march, but a progressive coalition march with communities of color, faith communities, labor, and women's organizations, among others. Enough of divide and conquer — let's join together and claim our place.

I'm calling all bisexuals, all trans folks, all queers, all people of any stripe who believe in the rights of all of us, to start pushing for a 50-capitol march within the next year and a half. Call your local organizations, call your state and regional organizations. Donate time and money to them. Call the national organizations who listen — BiNet USA, National Gay and Lesbian Task Force, International Gay & Lesbian Human Rights Commision, among others. Tell them you're bi or trans or whatever you are, that you want to march in your own community, and that you want to work with them. We may not see each other in 1999, but I know we'll be marching together anyway. And we can trade post cards the year after from where we've been.

In the meantime, enjoy Issue #16. What follows are some wonderful articles, including what our search and rescue teams brought back when they went seaching for the bi boys.

Mark Silver wants to thank the Anything Girl, the Anything Boy and the whole staff for the wonderful job on last issue, and Heather Franek for being the Business Dom we always wanted. Thanks!

Letters: Cyber, Snail, and Psychic

Can't Get Enough Bonobos

I recently read your article on bonobos with great interest. In particular, I was intrigued by the passage stating that they engage in oral sex (fellatio, specifically), as I believe I have read that about other (non-human) primates as well. My question is this: has anyone ever indicated in their research whether they (primates who engage in such behavior) swallow? Or are they "spitters"? Thank you very much.

Tia
via cyberspace

Kudos from a Teacher

Hi there. I'm a bisexual writer and teacher, and I love *ATM*. Just got my copy of the latest issue and of course I stayed up *really* late last night reading it, eating it up. Today I found the online version and had the pleasure of reading some back-issue selections, especially enjoying the brilliant article by Leah Lilith Albrecht-Samarasinha, "Bi-Femme: On Being a Traitor and/or a Revolutionary." *Go girly!*

This magazine and Web site are nothing short of godsends for all the lonely little bi youngsters with modems out there, and for all of us, everywhere — even people like me who live right here in San Francisco but don't yet feel connected enough to our community. By spreading bi-related facts, wisdom and humor, you're saving lives and spirits all over the planet.

Can I come by the office and say hello some day?

Melissa White
via cyberspace

Down with Homophobia, Up, Up, Up with *ATM*

Great mag! I love the title. It was good to read some bi perspectives, because 95% of the people I know are extremely, defensively hetero and the other 5% strictly lesbian/gay. I must admit, though, that while as a bi woman I completely support inclusion and oppose separatism in the queer community, I can understand some of the biphobia that seems rampant among dykes sometimes. If I had a penny for every time someone told me lesbian sex isn't real (although, of course, pretty to look at) I'd come and visit your offices in my private Lear jet. Add another penny for every time a straight man slavered over his idea of "lesbian sex" while claiming gay male sex is disgusting... well, I'd fly all of you over here to Australia in your own private jets.

There's so much homophobia and denial that women actually *do* things together, that I think a lot of it filters through to bi women and dykes alike. And of course all that yucky internalized prejudice causes a hell of a lot of defensiveness among dykes. Even though there's so much homophobic crap directed to gay and bi men, at least people acknowledge they're having sex!

So while I couldn't ever agree with lesbian biphobia, at least (on patient days) I'm trying to remember where it comes from. And I guess I'll have to get a *"No, you can't bloody well watch!"* T-shirt for the rest of the world.

Trish
via cyberspace

No Muscle-Marys

OK. I'm new to the "scene," I don't shag anything that moves and I have never been involved in a polywhatever relationship. I'm just a human being who sees all human beings as equal in a collective and unique as individuals.

Relationships with men are cool. You can sit down and slag each other off, have a laugh, go down the pub together and get pissed, and cuddle up in the evenings.

Relationships with women are cool. Understanding and sensuality are the keys. Romantic and warm relationships. You can go out to restaurants and cuddle up in the evenings.

So I'm bi. Or as my current partner likes to say, "It's okay, Karl. You're just human-sexual". I don't wear tight T-shirts or mince when I walk. Neither does my boyfriend. Why can't we have a world free from the kind of stereotypes your magazine seems to be looking at? People are just people, whoever they are.

Just recently, my partner and I decided to start kissing in public. In front of our straight friends. In Blockbuster Video. You see, we see a new millennium where people — straight, gay, or bi, or human-sexual — are so used to seeing other orientations that it doesn't even make an impact on their mind.

I don't see lesbian women or straight guys as a "challenge." I'd rather have a good friendship than a relationship any day. If I get both at once, that's a bonus. That's me. So let's see something that caters to people of my orientation. My personality is not campy or effeminate, and I don't have a long wave! Think of me as a straight man who likes people. Thanks for the magazine, but can we see more straight-ish articles about same gender relationships? *No Muscle-Marys!* Keep up the good work.

Karl Montague
via cyberspace

P.S. Your online magazine is really difficult to read. Would you have more than 10-12 words on a line on paper? Blue words on a black background? Come on, let's think about Web design.

A Mag That Understands

This magazine has been a lifesaver for me! First off, I am a bisexual male in a straight, monogamous marriage. My wife knows that I am bi. Since I have been married, I have not cheated on her with either gender.

I have a problem at the newstand — *Playboy* or *Playgirl*? It's hard for me to pick *Playgirl*, as I feel self-conscious that everyone will think I'm a homosexual, which I am not by a long shot. But this magazine is great! I was surprised one day when between the *Playboy* and *Playgirl* I found *Anything That Moves*! Voila! I found what I was looking for — a magazine that understands.

See "Letters" (p.4)

Letters (from p.3)

The only thing I was discouraged about was that it seemed that most of the articles came from the standpoint of a bisexual woman trying to cope. But I said most, not all. I feel that as a bisexual man, I have just as much if not more angst about my sexuality! God, if I had the room. I grew up in a home where my father was a Nazarene pastor. Try that one on for size.

Not being a woman <*grin*>, I don't know how harshly homosexuality is denigrated, but as a man, I grew up being told, "If you like men sexually you are damned to hell, and every guy will know and want to beat you up!" That was heavy, especially when I started feeling attraction to both sexes. I bought hardcore magazines and movies so I could see both the woman's vagina and the man's penis, not just the interaction. But enough of my rumblings. Thanks for the mag!

Paul
via cyberspace

ATM: An Informative Oasis

Just a note to let you know how much I enjoy your Web site. I'm a 31-year-old, non-monogamous (though not into group sex), bisexual (no gender preference for partner) female living in Asheville, NC. Thank you for the feeling of belonging and fellowship, as well as for a sampling of the diversity within the band of the life spectrum I claim as my own. You are doing good work. Curiosity fosters knowledge, and knowledge, tolerance. Amid a dearth of information and resources, *ATM* is an oasis in the World Wide Web.

Too early to be so late
via cyberspace

Thanks for Being There

I was reading the Summer '96 issue of *ATM*, in which Don Bapst had an article. In his signature note, Don said that if there were any lesbians going through something similar to his experience, we could contact him thru the mag. I don't know if he's still there, but I think I qualify as a lesbian going thru a similar experience. Two things are happening to me that threaten my 15-year membership in the lesbian community. One is that I'm beginning to be attracted to men. The other is, my lover is starting to identify as FTM.

I know there are lesbians who keep their lesbian identity even while with an FTM lover (especially if he was a she when they started being lovers), but in order to fully repsect my lover's choice, I feel I must leave the relationship or identify differently.

Identifying as a lesbian while in a relationship with a man is not acceptable for me, though I'm not going to knock others who do that. I also am not considering leaving the relationship. My membership in the lesbian community is not as important to me as it used to be for a variety of reasons, probably the biggest one being disillusionment. Besides, this is the best relationship I've ever been in. We're quite compatible and happy together, and we want to start a family together.

As far as what I am becoming, I just don't know. I don't resonate with the label bisexual, maybe because I came out in '82, and basically among separatists. For years I just got more and more separatist myself. At one point I wouldn't even be *friends* with bisexual womyn because I believed so strongly in surrounding myself with lesbian/womyn energy.

Now that I want to expand my horizons, I'm finding it difficult to find lesbians/womyn that relate to my experience, and even more difficult to find men with whom I want to be friends (and maybe more — my lover and I are happily non-monogamous).

I must say, it's nice to know that while I was off creating and supporting lesbian separatist culture, there were people like you creating bisexual culture. Whatever I finally become, I'm glad you exist, pushing the envelope of what we all are "supposed" to be, and upsetting ossified ideas of gender and sexual orientation. I love it.

So if Don is still there, or if anyone else is interested in my story, feel free to contact me via email.

Thanks!
wilderwym@sprynet.com
via cyberspace

Flying the Bi-Friendly Skies

I enjoyed reading *ATM* #15. I read it while flying from Ft. Lauderdale to Baltimore. You know how people check out what you are reading on airplanes? Well, *ATM* gets their attention like no other. All I see are straining eyes! Your magazine is in a very unique position to help bisexuals along this sometimes lonely road. Keep up the great work. We need you.

BiFriend,
Michael Page

ATM: One More Reason to be Proud of Being Bi

I am an active member of Biversity, a bisexual support group in Calgary that is in its infant stage, and along with others I am working hard toward expanding the group's scope of activities. We hope to reach out to as many bisexual people as we can in this city, where isolation and a conservative climate make it hard to live an alternative lifestyle. Your magazine definitely helps me feel connected to a larger whole and lends me strength and motivation to stick with it! At the heart of our group, as with your magazine, is the celebration of who we are and I hope we can all hold onto that sense of fun and excitement in the face of adversity (and pass it along to the Unconnected Ones). For your part, you guys 'n' gals are doing a first-rate job, and the magazine is just one more thing to be proud of about being bisexual.

Sandra Ladouceur
Alberta, Canada

ATM Leaves a Void in SF

I'm saddened that you have stopped listing local bi resources of the SF Bay Area. If a bi person wants current *local* information, the private Bi-Friendly newsletter is the last remaining source (a fine effort, but only two pages per month). As *ATM* goes national, it leaves a void in the Bay Area.

Tortuga Bi Liberty
Berkeley, CA

Send your thoughts, criticisms, praise, questions, xeroxed body parts, whatever, to: Letters to the Editor, Anything That Moves, 2261 Market St. #496, San Francisco, CA 94114-1600 USA, or email: qswitch@igc.apc.org. Letters may be edited for length. Unless you tell us not to, we will print your name. Aliases or anonymous letters are, of course, respected, but please send us your real name, and we won't tell anybody you wrote us if you don't want us to.

Putting the Spotlight on Violence

Building A Community Response to Hate

by Jennifer Rakowski

I didn't go to the campus vigil against homophobic violence to sing Holly Near songs. I went because I was raised with a fundamental belief that no one should suffer harm at the hands of another's hate. Walking at dusk from the student union to the administration building, I was not prepared for the nightmare that was about to start.

The year was 1989, and I was finishing my freshman year at Michigan State University. The backlash from the vigil comes to me now as a series of pictures, some fresh, others faded. I remember the water balloons that rained down from nearby rooftops and the messages of hate which greeted us the next morning: "Death to gays"; "Your kind will die from AIDS"; " Be afraid, very afraid." I fill again with rage at the campus police declaring the fire which gutted the vigil organizer's room to be caused by "carelessness and not maliciously directed at the student do [sic] to his personal lifestyle." I had almost forgotten the threatening telephone messages and the gasoline which was dumped on another student activist's car. The violence of May 1989 left a lot of people shaken, including me.

Almost a decade later, I am an out bisexual woman living in San Francisco and working daily to combat anti-transgender, bisexual, lesbian, and gay hate. In the past two years as the Hate Violence Project Coordinator for Community United Against Violence (CUAV), I have worked directly with over 50 bisexuals or their surviving loved ones. They tell their own stories of being yelled at, spit upon, falsely arrested, targeted for hate mail, physically assualted, sexually abused — even a witness to murder. I know that hate violence is taking a toll on the bisexual community.

This year, through a partnership with *Anything that Moves*, CUAV plans to do something. Together we will use our collective strengths to inform bisexuals about the nature of hate violence, how and why to report it, and how to create or connect to community resourses. I will be meeting regularly with the *ATM* staff to figure out how we can best get the word out, and I look forward to hearing from you all, either through the magazine or by contacting me at CUAV. We must find ways as a bi community to talk about and respond to the hate violence which affects us on a daily basis.

While planning for a better future we must also thrive in the present. If hate violence happens to you or someone you know, don't let it go unrecorded. Whether or not you feel comfortable calling local authorities, make sure to report it to an Anti-Violence Project. CUAV will help you connect to the project nearest you.

Jennifer Rakowski began her ten years experience in grassroots response to TBLG hate violence, sexual assult and domestic violence three years before she was out as bisexual herself.

Community United Against Violence

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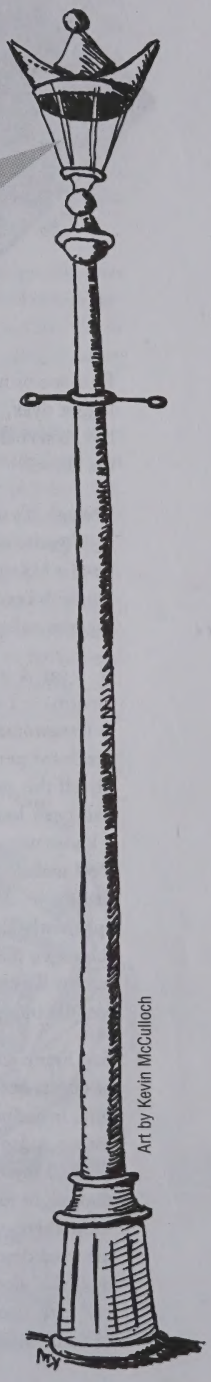


Art by Kevin McCulloch

Why Report Anti-Bi Violence?

REPORT... because you may need more support than you first realize. New research from Dr. Gregory Herrick indicates that distress caused by prejudice-based assault is more intense and lasts longer than signs of distress caused by random acts of violence.

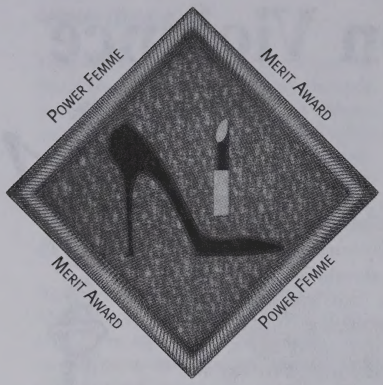
REPORT... because the act of reporting takes the incident out of the personal and into the political, breaking down isolation and providing opportunities for coalition work.

REPORT... because knowledge of what's really happening allows us to set up early warning programs, prevention efforts, and improve institutional responses.

REPORT... because it will increase national visibility of bisexual lives and experiences.

REPORT... because if we don't record our own history, experience tells us it *will* be forgotten.

REPORT... because now more than any other point in time, there is support for you to tell your story, be believed, and get the respect you deserve.



Engendering Femme

by Rachel Lanzerotti

Pick one or more of the following. Are you: tomboy femme, faggot dyke, drag queen, hi-femme, lo-femme, nelly queer boy, bisexual femme, femme top, none of the above, all of the above?

Though it's on the silly side, "busty boy faggot femme" was my favorite identity for a couple weeks. Aside from playfulness, it has meaning to me, as a femme who often feels like a boy with breasts. This particularly gendered title also reflects my bisexuality and particular attractions.

If I say I am a tomboy femme — my usual, simpler identity — I wonder what people think they know about me. A transwoman (MTF/male-to-female transsexual or transgendered person) recently told me, after I had introduced myself this way, that "tomboy femme" was exactly what she had been looking for to describe herself. A butch lesbian I know was surprised to hear that, like her, I sometimes "feel male," as well as female. We are differently gendered people — MTF, butch, and tomboy femme — who apparently also have things in common about our gendered selves. To me, these are examples that point out the tensions in how we embody maleness and femaleness, and in how we identify ourselves to each other.

San Francisco may be unique in terms of the concentration of queers here and the expansion and detailing of queer culture, including our identity labels. Here and anywhere else, we are endangered no matter what we call ourselves. Yet if I can call myself a tomboy femme bi-dyke in San Francisco, that might mean something important to a dyke reading this somewhere, who might suddenly have a new word to recognize and describe a piece of herself that isn't quite described by "dyke" alone. It was crucial for me to hear the word "bisexual" early in my coming out process, for understanding myself and for finding community. Words expand the possibilities we can imagine for self-expression and visibility, which feed individual and cultural creativity and survival.

Gayle Rubin, butch theorist of gender and sexuality, writes about the significance and the pitfalls of naming: "Categories like 'woman,' 'butch,' 'lesbian,' or 'transsexual' are all imperfect, historical, temporary, and arbitrary. We use them, and they use us. We use them to construct meaningful lives, and they mold us into historically specific forms of personhood" ("Catamites and Kings," in *Persistent Desire*, p. 477). I would add femme to her sampler of categories. Amber Hollibaugh does, too, when she says, "Femme identity is as constructed as butch identity and not a lot of people talk about it like that" (*Femme*, p. 215). If we start to talk about femme as a constructed identity, we change the way we understand femmes, as well as other "forms of personhood."

Naming is part of the process of constructing ourselves; that's why the words we use to describe ourselves as femmes are so important. As Joan Nestle writes, "...one of the differences between straight society and queer society, queer culture or queer consciousness, is that we have a recognition that we form ourselves. At almost every crucial moment of our lives we have to construct ourselves, construct other ways of being" (p. 116 in "I'll Be the Girl" in *Femme*). Gender is one of the materials we use to construct ourselves as queers.

In their new anthology, *Femme: Feminists, Lesbians & Bad Girls* (Routledge, 1997), Laura Harris and Elizabeth Crocker begin the project of creating what they call a "femme critical framework," which calls for femmes "to re-read traditional lesbian texts from a femme perspective," with attention to femme agency and desire. I want to continue to expand their project by putting a femme-critical framework to work in questioning gender and sex, as well as sexuality. I believe a powerful femme critical framework should draw on and refer

to gender movements and theory, including feminism and transgender thought and politics. This framework will bring femme voices to the developing discourse in queer and transgender communities about what gender is, to the advantage of femmes and for the elaboration of these discussions.

I am concerned with where femme fits into transgender identities and politics, as well as how femme gender stands on its own. Clearly, femmes are claiming a central place in contemporary queer gender culture. I am interested in using ideas about categories and naming — particularly looking at "femme" in relationship to "transgendered" — to begin a conversation about finding a language of gender and making a place for femme gender. Femme brings an important piece to the gender puzzle, taking apart and perhaps refashioning gender categories.

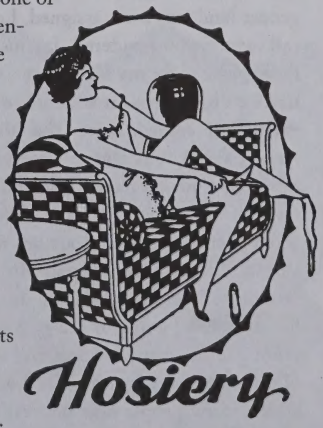
I have several not-entirely-comfortable places in what I am coming to think of as gender culture. Keep in mind, I am developing my gender identities and analyses in the context of the particular queer and sex-radical cultures of San Francisco. There is femme community forming here as never before, and we overlap with transgender communities in various ways. The first-ever femme conference, *Licking the Knife: Exploring the Edges of Femme Gender*, took place in San Francisco in June 1997. Workshop topics included "Blurring Boundaries: Femmes and Transmen" and "A Femme-Butch Dialogue About Power." Femme transgender activist and writer Susan Stryker was among the speakers for the opening panel, "Femme Visibility and Gender." The workshops and panels reflect the connections and tensions among trans and non-trans femmes and transmen (FTMs/female-to-male transsexual and transgendered people) and butches. People of many genders and sexes attended these and other workshops, making the femme conference a gender culture event.

In the overlapping places where gender culture is being created, I am learning how I and others are affected by gender oppression. I can form and figure out my gender. I learn to push against expectations that my gender is uncomplicated because I am femme. Because of the way gender culture is coming together, some femmes, myself included, are asking whether and how femmes may be transgendered.

Amber Hollibaugh, interviewed in *Femme*, goes out on a gender-identity-politics limb, calls herself transgendered, and says there is "an aspect... of transgender experience" in femme identity. She says, "When you design girl-ness, when you make up the way you are female, that's a transgendered experience... I think that transgender hasn't been mapped or named in the same way for femmes" (p. 220). The interview is titled "Gender Warriors," echoing *Transgender Warriors*, the title of a recent book by transgender activist Leslie Feinberg.

Claiming transgendered status for femmes carries responsibility to identified transsexual and transgendered communities. I feel accountable to my transsexual lover and friends, in particular, to consider the dangers and uses of calling femmes transgendered.

What are the meanings of "transgendered"? Some use it synonymously with "transsexual," which historically has been used to describe people who change their physical sex. However, some self-identified transsexual people may not want and/or be able to make physical changes through hormones, surgeries, or other means. The "transgender umbrella" is a more recent concept that has been used to describe and include cross-dressers, boy-dykes, drag queens, bigendered people, and some butch dykes, as well as transsexual people. Important to many of these definitions is the concept of a gender continuum, which asserts that people may express and experience a range of possible genders, rather than one of two (male and female) genders as explained by the current, dichotomous system. The debate about the meanings of "transgendered" is in part a debate about categories within transsexual and transgender community groups, about who is included and how language affects and reflects outsiders' perceptions of transsexual and transgender people.



FTM International President Jamison Green offered the following controversial definition of "transgendered" in the March 1997 *FTM International Newsletter*: "Transgendered

See "Femme" (p.8)

Femme (from p.7)

people — a nebulous category that can include anyone who crosses gender boundaries, regardless of whether that crossing is permanent or intentional; anyone who exhibits characteristics of a gender that does not match their apparent physical sex."

Summoning an equally varied bunch of gender-crossing people, Kate Bornstein urges in *Gender Outlaw* (Routledge, 1994), "So let's reclaim the word 'transgendered' so as to be more inclusive. Let's let it mean 'transgressively gendered.' Then, we have a group of people who break the rules, codes, and shackles of gender." (p. 135)

If we use "transgendered" as an inclusive, nebulous category for those who cross gender confines and border lines, femmes fit that broad description. Femmes tease gender boundaries. We break gender rules. A femme's assigned gender and chosen gender may be very different. A femme's internal gender and the biological sex may be very different. Certainly some femmes are transgendered: femme MTFs, femme FTMs, some femme fags, drag queens, some femme men. What about femmes raised butch? Femmes raised feminine? Some femmes are transgendered; I would not say all femmes are.

Though I cross gender in many ways, and certainly feel my tomboy femme gender is quite different from the female gender (and sex) I was assigned, I can't quite bring myself to call myself transgendered. It's just not the same for me as it is for my FTM lover, who has to make a decision about whether to explain every time someone gets the pronouns wrong, and who is saving a great deal of his income for surgeries. And this is different from my butch lover, who jokes about opening a store for butches with the slogan, "We'll only call you 'Sir' if you want us to." Seriously, though, using public bathrooms, going to the gym or pool, visiting health care providers, and so many of the other everyday events and decisions which many people take for granted are uniquely difficult and sometimes dangerous for people who are transgendered, in ways that differ from the experiences of people who are queer but not visibly transgendered.

"Transgendered" could be to gender as "queer" has been to sexuality. In other words, lesbians, gays, dykes, fags, bisexuals, pansexuals — even some sadomasochists and sex workers — can band together to call ourselves a big, powerful bunch of queers. Just so, transsexuals, FTMs, MTFs, transmen, transwomen, metamorphs, boy-dykes, dyke fags, shapeshifters, drag queens, faux queens, drag kings, cross-dressers — and even some butches, femmes, and intersexed people — can make ourselves a bigger group ("we are everywhere") by using "transgendered."

What this claiming of language may point to, as trans theorist Ben Singer points out to me, is the desire to imagine and create shared space or community, at the intersections of gender identity and sexual identity, where transgender people and non-trans people can be together. He suggests this space itself should be called something entirely different from "the transgender community." Kate Bornstein and Minnie Bruce Pratt are among others who have raised questions about forming community and what to call it, as they have written about transgendered and femme identities.

Yet an important thing about categories is that they are different from each other. They distinguish one type of thing from another. And femme is different from butch or woman or lesbian or transsexual, even though a femme may also be butch, and a femme may also be woman, or lesbian, or transsexual.

Obviously, what is tricky here is what is tricky about all identity politics: Figuring out how I assert and create my identity without swallowing or eclipsing yours. How you assert your identity without eclipsing mine. How we say we are different without creating unbridgable distance or ignoring what we share. How we avoid the appropriating mistakes of early white feminism by saying we are all the same. This is crucial, especially when "we" who claim a particular identity created elsewhere also have more visible history and power in a particular community, which might be non-trans femmes as compared to femme transpeople. I approach this by considering who has the power to name themselves and others, and who does not. These are some of the dangers of calling femme transgendered. We can't afford to ignore what this identification can do for or against our understanding of how gender oppression works on us differently.

We could come up with an alternative to "transgendered" that still contains gender but is all its own. Another category

gives us more material to work with in recreating language to describe our queer selves. And part of the difficulty of conversations about gender, as many gender activists have pointed out, is that we don't have the language yet. We are creating the language as we create ourselves.

Femmes are engendering. In the mix of gender-defiant, multigendered, gender-transgressive, gender warriors and outlaws, here's another idea to put into your mix of gender terms. Engendering is the deliberate, dynamic, active process of bringing about gender. Perhaps this process is the "aspect" of herself that Amber Hollibaugh would identify as transgendered: Engendering resonates with but is not the same as transgendered, avoiding appropriation by expanding the available language to describe gender. We know femmes engender; we arouse, work up, and give rise to! We also contain, produce, and create our femme gender every day.

Minnie Bruce Pratt writes vividly in *S/HE*, "I'm ready to live outside of femaleness, the hedge of roses, thorny and beautiful, that has encircled me wherever I've sat waiting" (p. 50). I admit I am eager to create my own gender identity outside the thorny hedge of femaleness.

I identify myself as a tomboy femme, which means that I am boyish and mixed-gender, as femmes go. I modify femme with tomboy because it's active, tough girl, playful, boy, sometimes a bit butch, yet always femme. I have been taken for butch and for male. I've been asked if I'm transgendered, though I never could figure out if it was MTF or FTM they were thinking of. I can also pull off a stunning hi-femme. I experience myself as many genders, and I can present myself in multiple ways.

Engendering myself as a femme, I create myself in the ways I create my appearance, in the ways I walk down the street, in the ways I feel about myself, the ways I flirt, and in the words I use to describe myself to other people. My femme gender is complicated, and it only occasionally is explained by my sex or my sexuality. Naming my femme gender within an expanded femme critical framework which incorporates feminist and transgender thought, I engage with others in the engendering of gender culture.

Rachel Lanzerotti is working on an anthology by and about people who are creating relationships and desire with transgendered, multi-gendered, and gender-defiant people. She can be reached by email at rlanzerotti@igc.org. *Many thanks to Jed Rosenthal Bell, Stephanie Berger, Carol M. Cantwell, and Ben Singer for their support and editing of this essay.*

Dear Subscribers:

We have a goof-up to attend to, dear readers. As many of you know, we completed a friendly separation from the Bay Area Bisexual Network just two months ago, and we have begun the process of incorporating ourselves as our own non-profit organization, with all the attendant tasks of creating a board, a bank account, and so forth.

The main problem occurred in getting the money from the BABN account, an easy task, into our new account, a not-so-easy task. In fact, opening our bank account turned into a two-month odyssey in terms of trying to get the papers we needed to prove that we really were non-profit, finding a bank to work with, and getting all the signatures and paperwork done. It was easily a week's worth of work, but we're all volunteers and working full-time already, mostly during business hours, so it took two months instead. Oops. Add to that some mistakes and errors in moving the last of the information from BABN's database at the home of esteemed Matt LeGrant to our own system and what you get is a whole lotta people not receiving issue #15.

If you are reading this and are a subscriber and believe you missed an issue or some other horrible mess has occurred with your subscription, please contact us and we will rectify any mistakes we've made. We'll send you magazines, we'll worship you from afar, we'll idolize you and dance crazy dances.

Just don't leave us; we'll get lonely.

The Staff

About the Cover Artist: Cris Kelly

Cris Kelly is a freelance photographer who lives north of San Francisco, CA. Her enthusiasm for photography began at a young age, her first subject interests being animals of all types and sizes. Through the years, Cris has broadened and refined her portfolio to include portraits, editorial photography, advertising, and architectural photography.

Cris' work has won numerous awards and has been nationally and regionally published in several major magazines, textbooks, and newspapers. She also donates her photographic talents to Bay Area humane societies to help find homes for animals. Last October, *Anything That Moves* featured Cris' work as part of E^2 (Expression Extravaganza), a bisexual art show and benefit. As our cover photographer for Issue 16, Cris put in a lot of work with cover models (and *ATM* staffers) Mark Silver *(left, seated)*, Jace Mills *(standing)* and Kagan MacTane *(right, seated)*, to help us bring out the bis... er, boys. (And what a job she did!)

Cris Kelly shoots in her studio or on location. She works with black & white or color.

For more information on Cris' work, or to contact her for an assignment, call (707) 258-1825.

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the Woman within

...for the CSUN queers

by Jay Rubin
Photograph by Rani Goel

do not tell me
that i cannot
understand

i know a man
an associate
a colleague
who smiles
at me
in the hallway
who brushes
against me
as i reach
for the mail
who fondles
the sleeve
of my sweater
saying
i love this
is it cashmere?
his eyes
gleam
like
glittering gems
half-wrapped in foil
the sweater
it's cotton
twenty bucks
at mervyns

do not tell me
that i cannot
understand

i know a woman
leather jacket type
eyes pierced
across the brow
she jerks
a camel
outta the pack
strikes a match
off the backa
her thigh
her face
glows red
both lovely
and handsome
with the hands
of a man
she flicks
the flaming
match, says
what the fuck
you lookin at jack?
i look down
at my feet
at the match
on the ground
a long line
of white smoke
curling up
at me

do not tell me
that i cannot
understand

sometimes
at night
i pop in
a porno
two women
one blonde
silicone breasts
the other
latina
lips nipples
labia pink
they play
like puppies
gnawing clawing
haughty with
the knowledge
that i cannot
share their
sacred dance

do not tell me
that i cannot
understand

sometimes
at night
i dream
of a man
who enters
my room
in shadow
undresses
slowly
takes me
in his arms
his lips
like feathers
his tongue
like the sting
of a thousand bees
in the morning
i awake, the man
asleep beside me
his face my
reflection
my lips
my nipples

do not tell me
that i cannot
understand

for I am neither
this nor that
I am both
and something more
shall I tell you?
sometimes
at night
when I
am alone
I release
the Woman within
she touches my body
with the hands
of a man.

Jay Rubin is a post-romantic, post-feminist, self-defined "straight queer" who's just completed his first novel while busting his butt as a community college English instructor. Somebody, please, buy this guy a beer.

Boy, Girl, Boy, Girl... A Bi Chronology

by M.S. Montgomery

Spring 1955, Denver, CO (age 6).

My best friend Franky and I spend all night with our teacher, Miss Gerry, at Mrs. Jackson's private kindergarten. Mrs. Jackson is mean and when she is angry, which is often, she slaps the children, even me once, but Gerry is nice and sometimes lets kids sleep overnight at the school. This night Franky and I sleep on cots next to one another in one of the nap rooms. In the morning we take turns pulling off one another's pajama bottoms and looking at one another's penises and testicles. We know we shouldn't be doing this, but we do it anyway.

Spring 1957, Tucson, AZ (age 8).

I am spending my second-grade year with Gram, my father's mother. It is now over a year since Mom's stroke. I chase a girl around the schoolyard, corner her against the chain-link fence, and kiss her. A girl Playground Patrol arrests me, takes me to Mrs. Ellsworth, my teacher, and announces portentously to her, "He was found kissing a girl!" Alone with me, Mrs. Ellsworth says she knows that my mother's death and my present separation from my father are very hard on me, but that I must not chase girls and kiss them.

Fall 1960, San Antonio, TX (age 11).

Davy, the Chicano boy next door, is 9. Before we moved in, he and Robin, the boy who lived in our house before me, often spent the night together. On my first night at his house, Davy and I take a bath together and get erections. Later, in the double bed in his room, we first pretend to be yawning and stretching and let our hands fall on one another's crotches. After a while we stop this game and openly fondle one another's stiff dicks. He is amazed at my size and fascinated by my pubic hair. (Neither of us has yet experienced orgasm or ejaculation.)

Spring 1962, Bridgeton, MO (age 13).

I read the chapters on "Masturbation," "Nocturnal Emissions," "Heterosexual Petting," "Pre-marital Intercourse," and "Homosexual Outlet" in Dad's copy of Kinsey's report, *Sexual Behavior in the Human Male*. I first encounter there the word "bisexual."

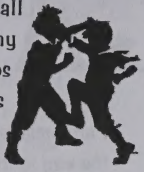
Summer 1963, Tucson, AZ (age 14).

Spending another summer with Gram, I buy a copy of Bergler's *Homosexuality: Disease or Way of Life?* and

read that homosexuality is a form of mental illness, and that from a psychiatric perspective bisexuality is an "out-and-out fraud." Gram sees the book on my shelf and tells me I shouldn't be reading about such things.

Fall 1963, Creve Coeur, MO.

I spend the night at the house of my friend Rob, who is a tall 15, a homophobic Young American for Freedom. I ask him to let me touch his cock, and he tells me that once on a camping trip he let another boy blow him. I beg him to let me do this, and after many refusals he says all right. I take his cock in my hand and put my mouth around it, not touching it with my lips or tongue, and blow all the air from my lungs onto it with as much force as I can. He laughs contemptuously, mocks my ignorance. Later, when I talk of my girlfriend, he calls me a lesbian.



Spring 1965 (age 16).

On a parking double-date with my ex-girlfriend, Billie, and her new boyfriend, Rick, I sit in the back seat of Rick's car with Betty, whom I have just met. Betty and I kiss deeply for a long time, and I put my hand under her brassiere, which she removes. I become excited and move my hand up her thigh toward her panties, but she stops me at that point. The next Monday at school I apologize for having gotten carried away, and for not having told her about my long-time passion for another girl.

Summer 1965, University City, MO.

I visit Debbie, 21, a buxom, red-haired woman I've met at the Wohl Mental Health Institute, where we have both been hospitalized for a few weeks for depression. She is divorced from her husband and has recently separated from her lesbian lover. Debbie tells me she enjoys sex with men and women, and she explains to me the other meaning of the word "gay," which I have never heard before. She tells me that when she meets a good-looking man, "I want his shoes under my bed," but that I am too young, needy, and unsettled now for her to get involved with.

Spring 1966, Kirkwood/Ladue, MO (age 17).

On my dinner break from Schneithorst's Drive-In, where I am hamburger grill man, I visit Sharon, 16, the girl I have been in love with for the past two years. She is intelligent and dark, a Jewish atheist, a "Fabian socialist." This evening her parents aren't home, and we take off our clothes and make out on a sofa in her basement. We kiss, and again I touch her everywhere, especially her heavy breasts and wet, fragrant vagina; she masturbates me, and I ejaculate onto her belly. When I get back to work the other employees tease me about the lipstick she has left on my white collar and shirt front. I grin smugly.

August 1966, Philadelphia, PA.

After my college interviews at Haverford and Princeton, I sit by the inner courtyard window in Charles's room, next door to mine at the Arch Street YMCA. He is reclining on the bed, watching me silently as I decide what I am going to do. I think he is older (27), thinner, and more mannered than the males I have eroticized — he looks nothing like Ricky Nelson or Tony Dow, but he has been very patient with me for several days. I hesitate for long minutes in silence, savoring the moment's significance in my life, knowing that I will be unable to resist this long-anticipated, carefully maneuvered opportunity to have sex with a gay man (not knowing then that his ten-inch cock is the largest I will ever handle).

November 1966, Creve Coeur, MO.

Sue and I have had Thanksgiving dinner with her parents, sister, and brothers, and we park as we have done before in the woods off the back of Hiram Cemetery, near my home. She is also a college-bound senior, a slender, Irish-American brunette. This time I have brought a towel, which I spread out on the back seat of Dad's Valiant to absorb any blood that might flow from her ruptured hymen. We lie there naked, and for the first time I put on a condom and enter her. When I climax a few minutes later we are no longer virgins, and I lie there on/in her a few minutes more, feeling a complex mix of happiness, gratitude, pride, relief, and fulfillment.

August 1967, Mark Twain National Forest, MO (age 18).

Sue and I will be leaving for college in New York soon, so Billy and I spend a week camping together. He and I met at the National Museum of Transport, where we worked this summer as guides, and have become friends and lovers. Billy is a stocky, well-built 16. At the campsite,

See "Boy Girl..." (p.14)

Boy Girl... (from p.13)

we put up a signpost — "Camp Copenhagen" — so-called because we have heard that in Denmark men can hold hands with one another in public. I carve "MM + BM" on a log that lies across the nearby stream. In front of the campfire we talk long into each night, and in his tent make oral and intercrural* love to one another. Back home, I plan with Sue for her to visit me the week before classes begin at Columbia and Manhattanville.

Spring 1968, Manhattan, NY (age 19).

In March, I visit the Livingston Hall dorm room of Bob, the founder of Columbia's Student Homophile League. I tell him that my fiancée has recently broken up with me, and that I am interested in learning more about his organization. "So you're bisexual, too," he remarks, and he tells me about his girlfriend, Martha, who he says is also bisexual and active in the homosexual rights movement. In late April, I march with other students, carrying a placard in protest of SHL's exclusion from the audience at a symposium on homosexuality at the College of Physicians and Surgeons. We are finally admitted and allowed to address questions to the panelists.

Summer 1968.

I write Dad and tell him I am "homosexual." In his reply he tells me he is "not shocked and amazed" at my revelation, and I am pleased by his conscious attitude of acceptance. However, he also relates his mother's sudden interruption of him and another boy while they were "performing some ridiculous act," and I find this apparent attempt at empathy insulting.

June 1969, Denton, TX (age 20).

My mother's mother has had a heart attack, so I visit her for two weeks. I come out explicitly to one of my aunts and talk so much about Gary to the other that she draws inferences. Both aunts independently tell me their suspicions that for a time before (or between) her marriages my mother was a "lesbian." (Nine years later Dad will tell me that Mom discussed her "lesbian tendencies" with a psychiatrist following her attempted suicide in 1947.)

* INTERCRURAL SEX: A non-penetrative form of sex involving sliding one's penis between one's partner's thighs

August 1969, Manhattan.

Gentle, blue-eyed, black-haired Gary, a recent Columbia graduate I have loved for several months, has left me for another man. I cry inconsolably for hours at a time. I drink too much alcohol and smoke too much pot. I try to forget him at various gay bathhouses and in the sex bars of the West Village. Nothing helps for a long time.

Summer 1972, New Haven, CT (age 23).

I am regularly seeing Danny, 21, a muscular Italian-American ex-con, when I meet Ann, 23, a petite, big-eyed waitress-anthropologist who comes to work at the restaurant where I am breakfast cook. We flirt at work, and on my day off on the way to the laundromat I imagine encountering her there. I do. She tells me she has had the same fantasy, and afterwards we go back to her apartment, get stoned, and have sex. Neither lover minds as I continue to see them concurrently for several months.

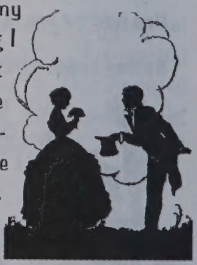
Fall 1976, Cambridge, MA (age 27).

Over a long weekend I visit Bill, my long-distance lover of three years. He is a well-proportioned Mayflower WASP, a Middlebury dropout, a hippie-identified Vietnam vet. We smoke a lot of pot and drop LSD together; our bodies merge for hours.

Fall 1977, West Willington/Storrs, CT (age 28).

UConn's Gay Alliance holds a Halloween dance, and I go as a bulldagger. I leave alone, but hitchhiking home on 195 I am picked up by Marty, an undergraduate who has also been at the dance. When we arrive at my place, I invite him in. I judge him to be reasonably attractive physically, but his conversation inspires no hope. When after one beer he politely offers to leave, I don't detain him.

The next day at work I find in my English Department mailbox a love poem left there by my office-mate, Cathry, and this evening I meet her for drinks at Chuck's Steak House. We talk for a long time, there and at my apartment, about our interests, our families, our plans for the future, and our past lovers and sex lives. She stays overnight with me, and we make love.



May 1978, Ashford, CT (age 29).

Cathy and I are married by a justice of the peace in the backyard of her apartment building, having edited out the parts of the service about "God" and "forsaking all others." Bill is my best man.

December 1979, St. Louis, MO (age 31).

Our son is born.

July 1983 (age 34).

Our daughter is born.

Spring 1986, Princeton, NJ (age 37).

On CompuServe's Bi Board I encounter and interact electronically with a community of bisexual men. I decide that the bisexual identity label makes good sense for me.

April 1987, New Brunswick, NJ (age 38).

I have drinks and dinner at The Frog and the Peach with Jim, another bi-identified married man I have met on an electronic bulletin board. We like each other. We kiss when we part for the evening and make plans to meet again.

Fall 1989, Princeton (age 40).

I explain to my son about sexual orientations and tell him I am bisexual.

October 1990, Cambridge (age 41).

I go to the Fourth Annual Lesbian, Bisexual, and Gay Studies Conference at Harvard, where I attend a meeting of a bisexual caucus and for the first time meet bi activists (women named Robyn and Amanda lead the group). I become aware of a bisexual liberation movement and decide to involve myself in its work.

January 1991, Princeton (age 42).

In response to my memo of the previous August, I am given official responsibility for the selection of gay, lesbian, and bisexual books and serials at the University Library. I am now out at work. Also this winter, I receive a copy of the premier issue of *Anything That Moves*, which includes a sonnet of mine entitled "Pride."

May 1992 (age 43).

I explain to my daughter about sexual orientations and tell her I am bisexual.

June 1992, San Francisco, CA.

I help carry the Bay Area Bisexual Network banner in the annual Pride Parade.

July 1994, Miami Beach, FL (age 45).

My 18-month campaign to have the word "Bisexual" added to the name of the American Library Association's Gay & Lesbian Task Force is successful.

April 1997, New Brunswick, NJ (age 48).

Jim and I celebrate the 10th anniversary of our first date.

November 1997, Princeton.

Cathy and I celebrate the 20th anniversary of our first date.

Since 1987, M.S. Montgomery has had numerous pieces published, most notably his poetry. His poem "BiTrans Blues" appeared in ATM *issue #10. His own first collection,* Telling the Beads, *is published by Chestnut Hills Press.*

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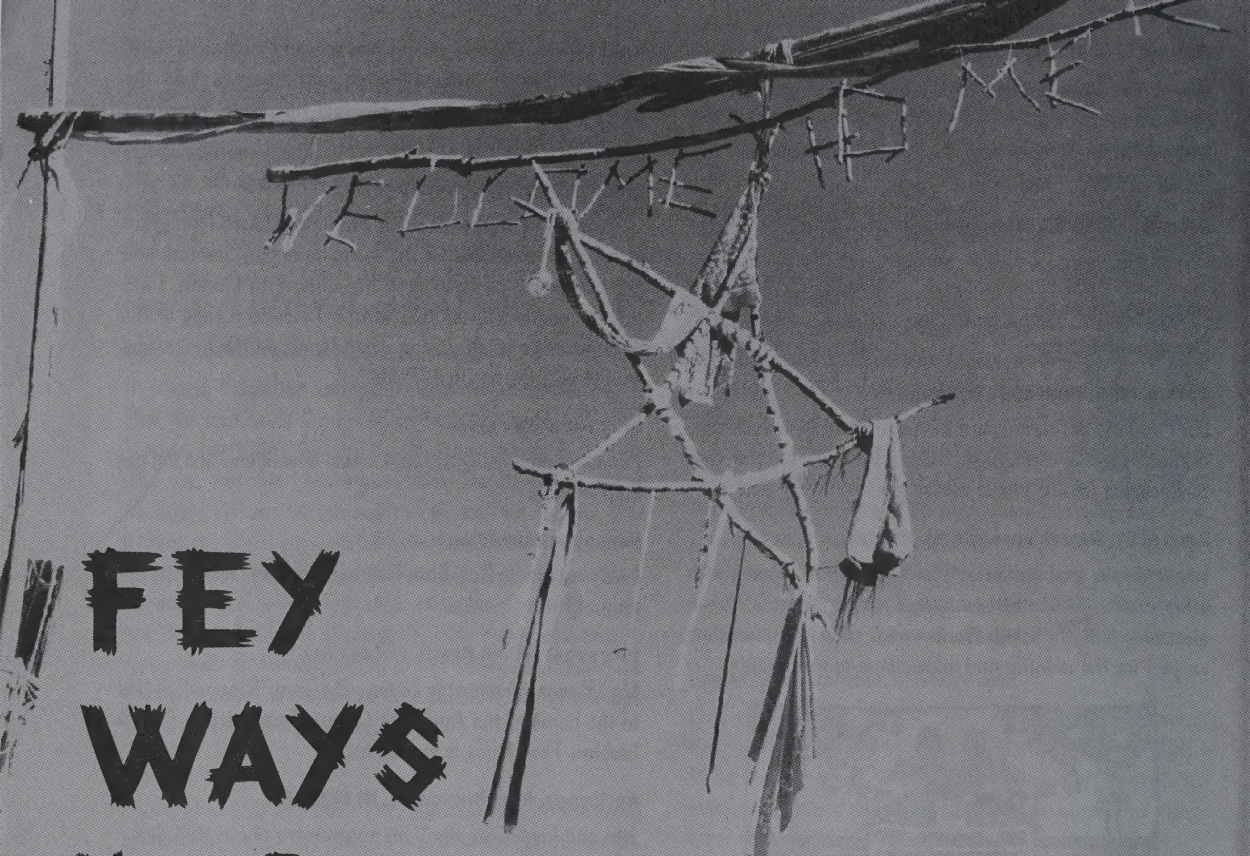


FEY WAYS

MAGIC, FAGGOTRY, AND THE RADICAL FAERIES

BY TOM KWAI LAM

PHOTOS BY TOM KWAI LAM

"We are the boundary walkers, the winkte, the mahu.
We are the faggots, the faeries, the pansies, the queers.
We are sensitive, different, artistic, creative.
We are perverse, unnatural, uncontrolled, unrestrained.
And the world needs us now more than ever.

"We are viewed sometimes as traitors,
Wearing men's form, using men's privilege and having men's lives,
But with some distance and occasional irony.
We are party to women's talk, may adopt women's attitudes and ways of being in the world,
But never without comment or sense of daring.
We are the emissaries in the conflict between men and women,
The peacemakers, the translators, the go-betweens."

— *Excluded History*, Tom Seidner, 1990

"We call ourselves 'faeries' to reclaim the epithet, remember our magical ties with Mother Earth, celebrate our sensitivity, enjoy the queerness of being men-loving men," said Reed, my first boyfriend and faerie lover. "'Radical' both to remind us of our roots, our roles in other societies — as healers, spiritual leaders, teachers (with the Witches) — and because many of us are radical (left, anarchist) politically."

Who are the "Radical Faeries"?

A core belief for many fae is that our sexuality is highly sacred and intertwined with heart, spirit, magic and ritual. It flavors our world views, and powers them too.

But not all faeries would agree with this, or almost any other statement you could come up with. If you ask 10 fae what a faerie is, you'll get at least 12 answers. We are all ages, from young to very old, and all classes. A few of us are even of color.

You're a faerie if you say you are, and what that means is up to you (and you alone) to decide. For many, there is a strong spiritual focus: the great gift of being queer, inspired by some of the Native American Shaman traditions ("winkte" and "mahu" in the poem). For others it's more a matter of community, for some political (faeries were involved in forming ACT UP and Queer Nation), and some are active in theater and the arts. Our motives, like ourselves, are our own, and are ever shifting, changing and evolving. Imagine a group of those who are usually not part of a group, celebrating our weirdness individually and collectively.

For me, the faeries are a community of lovers, ex-lovers, friends and everything in between; a place to explore what I want to explore, to play and discover in the context of a strong and supportive community. Family. I came out into the faeries.

Sometimes faeries get together and have a "gathering." Gatherings are usually held in the country, most often as campouts. Anyone can "call" a gathering: the call or invitation announces the date, location, and (intended) focus. Some gatherings are one-time events with highly focused purpose; others are ongoing traditions and may be called with less of an agenda.

Gatherings tend to be pretty loosely structured. There are collectively cooked meals, rituals, heart circles, 'no-talent' shows, workshops, and whatever else someone wants to get together. Nothing is compulsory; you are free to do (or not) whatever you want. As befits a movement with strong anarchist inspirations, you don't need to get anyone's approval to call a gathering, attend one, or add something to one; no one is really in charge either. And if you start acting like it, you'll probably get no end of shit, even if you are needed, wise and good.

I've been to gatherings with big, organized, powerful rituals several days and nights in a row where everyone was involved, ones where there was hardly a formalized ritual, and others where the ritual called heart circle began after breakfast and continued until dinner time, every day. What happens, happens. Each gathering has its own flavor and rhythm. Sometimes there's incessant drumming, sometimes none.

Faeries have gathered for years, no one knows how long. We came out of the Radical Faggots, gay consciousness, feminism, hippies. The first "national" gathering in recent times was a "spiritual conference for radical faeries" called by some west coast guys and held in Arizona in 1979, but it built on a number of foundations. Interestingly, there has only been one other 'national' gathering since then. Gatherings happen all over the United States, in Canada, Europe and elsewhere.

Each gathering location has its own, sometimes defiantly different traditions, although they share central elements. For example, most gatherings are vegetarian (but not vegan); but those at American Ridge, in Washington state, delight in their ham and bacon. Women and children are not welcome at most gatherings, but strongly so at others. You can expect lots of pot and some hallucinogens at some gatherings and not even caffeine at others. Commonly found elements include lots of loving touch, heart circle, anarchistic food prep by gathering participants, 'no-talent' shows, dress up (of various varieties), and decision-making by consensus.

"Women" and faeries

While much of fae culture, and many fae, draw inspiration from women and have close friendships with them, women are not usually welcome at gatherings. Gatherings are queer "male" only space. Some, myself included, see both the need and irony for this, especially among a community exploring boundaries of gender.

Women are, and have been, welcome at the Short Mountain gatherings (see "Welcome to Faerieland", p. 19). Their numbers are small, a half dozen or less in a gathering of 100 or more. Their roles are often significant, both in ritual and one-on-one, as well as in more subtle ways. Many times I've heard from both women and men that the cross-gender heart connections at gatherings helped them to do some deep healing with those of the "opposite" sex. A separatist lesbian friend commented to me that faeries are the first men she can stand, even like.

See "Fey Ways" (p.18)

Fey Ways (from p.17)

It isn't easy to be a woman at a gathering. The extreme minority status can be daunting, and you will certainly encounter lots of very intense sexual energy, not directed at you, but swirling around you. One woman at Short Mountain commented to me that she knew she was safe, even with all of this intense sexuality around, but felt left out. Most faeries will welcome women with open arms, but some will ignore them, and a few may, unfortunately, be downright misogynistic. I'd venture, though, that women will be more welcomed and safe than at any other gathering of men, save a big group of bisexuals, perhaps.

Other fey gatherings open to women include the faerie camp at the annual national Rainbow gathering and Wolf Creek, Oregon's invitation-only Black Leather Wings gathering. I love the Rainbow gatherings: it's great to be part of a gathering within a gathering and also to create a safe space for the many women of all sexualities who find shelter in the faerie camp each year. It's about time for men to get a chance to nurture women!

While not called a faerie gathering, the new series of Queer Spirit gatherings, organized by Glenn from Ancient Ways in Berkeley, also have a strong flavor of and attendance by fae. This is a new gathering ('98 will be the fourth one) that attracts an equal mixture of "men" and "women" and has a strong pagan focus.

Fey and Bi?!

Yes, many faeries are bisexual, but more often than not are closeted about it. The male-only space of most gatherings — Stone Mountain excepted — precludes bringing one's female lover to the gathering. Often, you are assumed to be gay or queer. I don't recall many open discussions about bisexuals and bisexuality in my first few gatherings in the early eighties; however, there is much more openness about this now. Women lovers do come up during heart circle.

Harry Hay, one of our elder faeries, used to typify the fey ambivalance toward bisexuals. Harry's vision — and he has been an important visionary for the movement, having called the Arizona gathering in '79 and done important gay liberation and Communist Party work for years before — simply didn't include bisexuals. I asked Harry about this in a recent interview, and he told me he now sees bisexuals as powerful bridges between the fey and 'straight' communities.

My guess is that the fey experience here reflects the changing times, with more young folks coming out as bi or queer, and rightfully pushing gays and heterosexuals to confront their assumptions.

Anarchy (and Fun) in the Kitchen

At most gatherings, there is no kitchen "staff", so if no one comes forward to cook, you don't eat. This organization — or lack of it — of cooking and eating epitomizes fey spirit and processes. It's an exercise in unstructured community: no one is in charge, chaos reigns, but it usually works.

Before the gathering starts, planners make estimates for how many people will attend (usually three times as many as have pre-registered), come up with menus, and shop accordingly. As befits a queer kitchen, there is an ample supply of spices, vinegars, and other condiments, but generally no meat. The organizers set the stage; the rest is up to the gathering.

Each gathering has its own traditions, too. At American Ridge everyone brings something and it's more of a potluck, while at Short Mountain the permanent community provides focus. At Brietenbush, the resort staff cooks.

During the gathering, it's a loose exercise in anarchy, fun, and personal responsibility. For each meal or each day, someone volunteers to be coordinatrix or Kitchen Queen. If you volunteer, you are it: no permission is needed, and no one checks your qualification, though someone might check in and see that all is well. Others volunteer to help cook and

clean up. If the Queen knows what she's doing and has enough volunteers, food can be fabulous. Imagine a four-course, sit-down Indian dinner for 175, served by costumed faeries, complete with chutneys, naan, lassi, and the rest.

Sometimes it doesn't 'work' at all. Maybe no one volunteers, or you eat dinner at midnight because everyone was having a good time and no one thought about making dinner until after it had gotten dark at 9:00 p.m. At such times you must take matters into your own hands: get in there and become the Kitchen Queen, or help out, or make yourself something to eat. Food both makes community and indicates how well we are working together. A hint: You might want to bring a small stash of snacks just in case, and ample quantities of favorite obscure spices if you want to cook.

Having trouble getting up the nerve to approach that man who makes your heart skip? Volunteer to cook with him. You never know how delightful the dish might turn out.

Polyamory, Love, and a Continuum of Affection

One of my favorite things about faeries is how open to spontaneous love we are. It is very much "for the moment", and across the continuum of love, sensuality and sexuality. A glance can be just that, or you can hug and snuggle, hold and be held, kiss lightly or deep, or just sit, hold hands, and talk for a while. Making eye contact doesn't oblige you to take your clothes off, and taking them off doesn't necessarily mean getting hot and sticky, or setting up house together.

You'll often find spontaneous groups touching, snuggling, or doing whatever. Relations can get intense, and often gathering 'affairs' unfold at Mach speed.

Heart Circle Creates Community

Heart circles are at the center of the gathering experience. They are deceptively simple, extremely powerful rituals. As the name implies, you sit in a circle, and take turns speaking from the heart, and listening to others do the same. I should have put listening first — it's what you do the most.

"Speaking from the heart" means just that — you talk about

See "Fey Ways" (p.20)

WELCOME TO FAERIELAND

By Luigi Ferrer

Deep within the woodland mountains of central Tennessee is a place unlike any other I have visited in this world: a magical place where the veil between the worlds is thin and the summer country is close at hand.

Short Mountain Sanctuary is 200 acres of unspoiled land, protected by its stewards, queer Pagan folk who live close to the land and honor the earth in all that they do. To honor the earth and each other are the laws we live by — when we are at the mountain and, hopefully, when we return to the mundane world.

Although I had heard of the Radical Faeries over three years ago and made a mental note to visit this magical place someday, nothing could have prepared me for the warmth and sense of community I've experienced there: 250 faeries, mostly men but women and children too, in a welcoming and very bi-positive gathering living by the simple motto: "An' it harm none, do as you will." Ever since I arrived at this magical place on a sunny April afternoon, I felt the love and warmth of this place and its people.

Life on the mountain is beautiful, rustic and simple. At the heart of the community is an antebellum log cabin that serves as a communal kitchen and dining area. It also houses a library and provides ample common space. You can camp in the meadow at the edge of the forest surrounded by fragrant herb gardens, or in the woodlands themselves. A cool mountain spring provides drinking water. Wood stoves heat the shower water, sauna and living spaces. Kerosene lamps and solar energy provide lighting. A herd of goats and 30 chickens provide milk, cheese, yogurt and eggs. Large organic gardens provide most of the food for the 16 residents.

Although there is always work to do on this mountain farm, play and personal times are an important part of this community. Twice a year, at Beltane and for fall harvest, the community hosts a 10-day faerie gathering. This year's Beltane gathering will take place from Friday, April 24th through Sunday, May 2nd. I invite bi folks to come with me to the mountain, to live in community for 10 days of play, personal reflection, sex and worship, free of the mundane world and its assumptions. I want to let other bi Pagan folks know that sanctuary exists, deep in the heart of Tennessee.

As a Hispanic, bisexual, HIV+ male, Luigi has served as a board member of the Lambda Community Center, a member of the Gay, Lesbian, and Bisexual Pride Committee of South Florida, and president of the South Florida Bisexual Network. He is now executive director of the Body Positive Resource Center, one of Miami's premier community-based AIDS service organizations.

Fey Ways (from p.19)

what is really going on with you, not about that dandy new car you bought, or the latest sports or movie news. Imagine confiding in a whole community at once and having them confide in you.

As you talk, or dance, scream, cry or sing, everyone else is attentive, quiet and listening. They witness your sharing. The listening is no less important than the speaking — sometimes it's hard to tell them apart.

What makes the circle so powerful? In these sharings, we discover how interwoven our lives, loves, fears and delights are. Often what seems to be an individual, personal problem or neurosis turns out to be common to others. I have frequently gone to circle with something I wanted to talk about, but before the talisman came to me, someone else spoke on the same thing, thus liberating me from it. And when the talisman does finally come to me (and this can take days) my heart will probably move me to say something completely different anyway.

We are an old people. We are a new people.
We are the same people, different than before.

— Traditional fey chant, often done as a round.

To "focus", an object or talisman is used. This might be a rock, teddy bear, shawl, scarf, crystal, or anything else. Sometimes there are several to choose from and people switch off. Whoever has the talisman has the floor — interruptions are discouraged, as is direct response, or cross talk. Many say that the inspiration for the circle/talisman come from the talking stick used by some Native American tribes.

Speaking at heart circle can be challenging, especially if you're unfamiliar with baring your soul in front of many people and the circle is large. But it can be very rewarding, and listening always is. I think it may have taken me several gatherings to get up the nerve to say very much.

How often in our everyday lives do we take the time to really listen without judgement, without offering immediate

reassurance or cures to our friends? And how often do they feel free to share their burdens? This can be great one-on-one, but to do it in a bigger group is especially powerful, and that is what the heart circle offers.

My favorite simile for the heart circle is that of peeling an onion. You start on the outside: it's dry, crunchy, thin, not very rich or interesting, and tears are far away. It's pretty easy, too; that outer layer comes off readily.

With each revolution of the talisman, the sharings become richer, tastier, more personal, moist, and intimate.

Tears come. The circle draws inward. Opposite sides aren't so far apart any more.

You realize the commonality of the core, and delight in the differences.

"...An' it harm none."

Tom Kwai Lam has been going to faerie gatherings since 1982. He loves interviewing and taking pictures of faeries, and is working on a book. Kwai took all of the photos in this article at various faerie gatherings in Vermont, California, Oregon, Washington and Tennessee. His web page is at www.queerarts.com/faeries.

Resources

Radical Faerie Digest Magazine

Short Mountain Sanctuary
POB 68
Liberty, TN 37095
(615) 563-4397

Email list:

Email majordomo@queernet.org with "subscribe faerie" in the message body.

World Wide Web sites:

www.eskimo.com/~davidk/faeries
www.got.net/~tlam
www.queerarts.com/feys
(for list of fey contacts)
www.eurofaerie.org

San Francisco Telefaerie

(415) 626-3369

Mailing lists for gatherings:

Holy Faerie Database
POB 426732
San Francisco, CA 94142

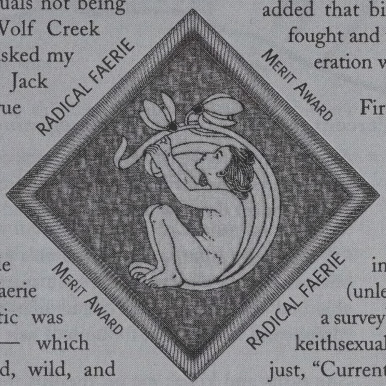
Northwest Faerie Database
114 NE 22nd Ave
Portland, OR 97232-3104

Fey Enough?

By Keith Hennessy

I had always been afraid to go to a faerie gathering because for years I didn't think I was gay enough or femme enough to go. Time went by and I had more gay sex and gay friends and faerie friends, and faeries got more punky looking and urban, like me. I developed a taste for women's lingerie, camp theatrics and flamboyance and I thought, surely I must qualify now, at least as a friend of faeries.

I did have lingering in my memory some story of bisexuals not being welcome at the Wolf Creek faerie sanctuary. I asked my sex ritual partner Jack Davis if that was true and he (a founding member of Wolf Creek) said that some individuals held an anti-bisexual attitude but that the radical faerie aesthetic and politic was mostly anarchist — which meant decentralized, wild, and prone to chaotic, visionary organization or lack thereof — and that bisexual men had indeed been at gatherings. I would, he said, be most welcome.



Short Mountain Sanctuary in Tennessee was gorgeous. The dogwood trees were blooming. The colorful, polyester, ever-changing "bad" drag was blooming. The friendliness of 100 proud, relaxed, camping, camping homo boy men was blooming and blooming.

Harry Hay, early fey visionary, was there. I had always wanted to meet him and greet him like a long-lost relative: my leftist Pagan homo great-uncle who inspired me and gave me so much room to move, to do my thing, to think, to live. One afternoon Harry hosted a heart circle. Many of us gathered on a grassy slope. Harry spoke about the movement and his fears that we were losing ground to the religious fundamentalists (bad Christians normalizing faux morality and consumer culture), to the assimilationists (bad muscle queens with day jobs), and to the bisexuals (bad whiners who want to take credit for gay labor and creativity). He said it would weaken the movement to be in coalition with bisexuals and assimilationist homos, and added that bi claims of having fought and worked for gay liberation were not true.

First I was confused, then sad, and then just pissed off. By 1993 I was already distant from calling myself bisexual (unless I was filling out a survey), opting instead for keithsexual, or queer male, or just, "Currently my sexual partners and fantasies are mostly male." But I had to stand up. I had to speak for the anarchist artist bisexuals, switch-hitters, and fluid sexual identity proponents with whom I'd been reborn into the world as a sexual freedom fighter.

So I got the talking stick, and I spoke. I said, "Hey, I'm kinda bisexual myself, and no one here can say I'm not a good fighter for gay liberation, and sexual liberation for all people. In my reading of our history, bisexuals have been in every major political and art movement in this century, at the center, doing the hardest work with the hardest workers. San Francisco, the gay capital of the world, has bisexuals working closeted and out in most every significant club, meeting, collective, and foundation, working for gay liberation, service, and empowerment."

And then I said, "I was afraid this might happen, and now there's a pounding in my chest like maybe you don't want me here," which is my paranoia about existing at all, which is only partly about being queer, and partly about being a queer among queers, and mostly about being human. I concluded by challenging the fundamentalism of Harry's ideas, suggesting that a Pagan tactic would be polytheistic — honoring several divine possibilities.

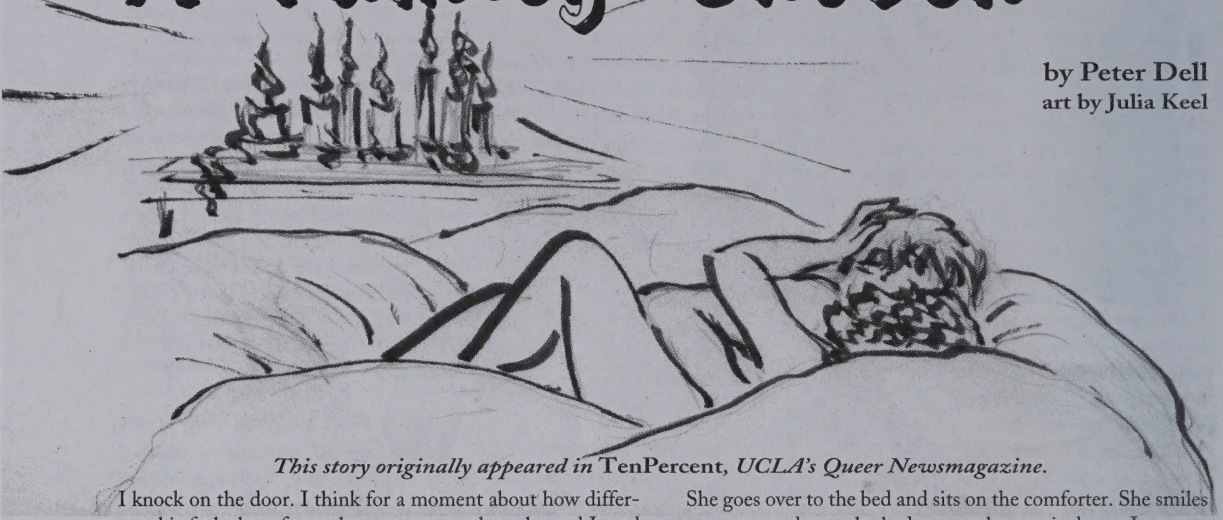
When I was done, many people agreed with me or thanked me for speaking. Harry harrumphed; I thought he was kind of rude. Someone else came out as bisexual and I think someone started to cry. In true faerie heart circle tradition, the meeting went on for hours and I left before it ended. Later, several old-timers told me that Harry always said stuff like that and not to worry about it, that the community of faeries was diverse and articulate and always questioned authority.

I continued to have a fabulous time at that gathering. I met people who are still friends today. I participated in the wildest, most ecstatic Maypole dance of my life. I had provocatively pleasurable outdoor fucking, and I have continued to collaborate with faerie artists and pleasure activists in my work. I think radical faeries are developing one of the most amazing and continuous alternative cultures that honors community-based, shame-free sexuality, and respect for the earth and the old ways of the circle.

Keith Hennessy is a teacher, writer, performance artist, and organizer in San Francisco. He co-directs 848 Community Space, a gallery honoring experiments in radical public expression.

A Family Chosen

by Peter Dell
art by Julia Keel



This story originally appeared in **TenPercent**, *UCLA's Queer Newsmagazine.*

I knock on the door. I think for a moment about how different this feels, how far we have come together, she and I, and how tonight will be another amazing step into each other.

She opens the door. She is dressed only in a T-shirt, probably Eric's. She smiles when she opens the door and tilts her head as she sometimes does.

"Hey, Sweetie."

"Hi, Honey!"

We hug. She could be my sister, except I am closer to her than I am to my own brother. "Are you nervous?" I ask.

"No." She smiles at me and I feel that warmth, that instant comfort that I feel whenever I am around her. "I'm afraid that I'm just going to laugh."

I smile back at her. She gets on her tip-toes to kiss me on the cheek. She takes my hand. "Come on," she says as she leads me through her house toward her bedroom.

"Where did Eric and David go tonight?" I ask.

"They went over to my mom's house. She spoils David rotten."

"Like any good grandmother should," I say.

As we approach her bedroom, I can see the warm, golden glow of candles. The room is ringed with them. When we lived together — five? ten? years ago — we used more candles than electric light. Candles always remind me of Jane.

She goes over to the bed and sits on the comforter. She smiles up at me and pats the bed next to her to sit down. I go over to her and sit down where her hand had just been.

"We're really going to do this, aren't we?" I ask. I am nervous and I don't know why. I have spent countless hours on this bed with her talking about life, kids, boys, life. But tonight will be different for both of us.

She turns and kisses me on the lips this time. Her mouth opens and I feel passion for her, this woman, this friend, this soul-mate of mine that I didn't know I had. I kiss her back and can feel her breathing into me, through me.

* * *

I get out of the shower, hear the phone ring. I think about not answering it, letting the machine get it. I decide to risk it. I dash out of the bathroom, still naked and dripping, and pick up the receiver.

"Hello?"

"AT&T Operator. I have a collect call from Italy. Will you accept the charges?"

"Who's placing the call?"

"Jane."

"Yes! Yes, I'll accept the charges. Put her through, please."

"Thank you. One moment."

"Hey, baby!"

"Hey, baby-doll! I can't believe you're calling me! How's Italy? What's going on? I haven't heard from you in two months!"

"Everything is great. Except I miss you. That's why I'm calling. I just wanted you to know that I love you. I had this beautiful day here and I was thinking all about you, thinking how much you'd like it here. We all went up to the roof of this old building in Modena to sunbathe today. I was listening to the tape of *The Point* that you made for me and thinking how much I love you and miss you. 'Because you see what you wanna see…'"

"'…and you hear what you wanna hear.'" We laugh. That's what the Rock Man says in *The Point*. "I passed Ben Frank's today and I thought of you. I've been thinking about you all the time. I wish you were back here. Just one more month…"

"Have you met any boys?" she asks.

"No boys yet. Still looking."

"You'll find someone soon."

"You know what I was thinking about today as I sat up there on that roof?"

"What?"

"I was thinking how much I love you and how close we are. And I was thinking that if you ever started going out with a guy — like for a long time, where things looked stable and you guys were married and everything and if I had a couple of kids already — I was thinking that we could have a baby together. You and I."

"Oh, Jane! That's so beautiful! I can't… I don't… I don't know what to say. That would be so wonderful. I can't think of a better mom any kid could have. That would be so wonderful."

"But no doctors. We'd have to do it the old-fashioned way."

"You mean… no turkey basters?"

"Nope. Just you and me, baby."

"That would be fun."

"I think so."

"Jane… that's the most touching thing you've ever said. I can't believe that you'd do that for me — I mean, nine months…"

"I'd still want to see the kid. You know, I'd be Auntie Jane or something."

"Jane, I love you. I always want you to be a part of my life."

"I love you too. I miss you terribly."

* * *

I fall back on the bed and feel like I'm sinking. She's had this huge comforter since we lived together, almost ten years now. Whenever I am on her bed, I feel safe, insulated, protected in all the most valuable ways. I feel like I am sinking into Jane.

We are still kissing. I slowly start to run my hands up the sides of her body and her skin is warm against the palm of my hand. My hands are slowly pushing up her shirt. It has been so long — ten years? longer? — since I have touched a woman's breast. My hand wraps around and I hold her. Her body — a woman's body — is foreign and familiar and the years since I last slept with a woman fade quickly.

Her hands run through my hair as we kiss. One of her hands reaches down to my waist and tugs my shirt out of my jeans. She puts her hand onto my stomach. She reaches up to my chest, caressing as she goes. She starts to giggle and we both open our eyes, breaking the kiss.

"What?!" I ask her, more curious than hurt.

"You've got such a hairy chest! Eric doesn't have a hairy chest at all."

I start to giggle now, too. And then we are laughing together, really laughing. We see each other again as friends, as the crazy girl in my high school calculus class, as the pudgy boy who came out to her on the Fourth of July. And here we are, making love. We laugh because we have been friends for so long that sex now seems unimportant but also beautiful. We already share so much intimacy that the sex seems silly, innocent.

We stop laughing but keep smiling. You make me feel special, I want to say. You fill me in ways that I don't understand. Whenever I am with you, I feel free. I want to say all this to her but instead can only say the shorthand. "I love you." I know she knows what I mean. She looks at me and smiles.

"Make love to me, big boy," she says playfully as she rolls on her back. We start giggling again and then I crawl on her, tickling her for a moment before kissing her again.

* * *

Brad and I are in bed together. He is reading his trashy magazine and I am holding him, trying to sleep but unable to. I sit up in bed.

"I've been thinking about kids again lately," I say. Brad puts his magazine down.

"Yeah?" Brad asks.

"I really want to be a father."

See "Family" (p.24)

Family (from p.23)

"I know, honey. So do I." This is an old conversation.

"I want to do something about it. We've both got jobs. We've been together over five years now. I think it's time."

"Is your biological clock ticking?" he asks, somewhat sarcastically.

"I'm serious."

"Have you talked to Jane about it again?"

"Yeah. She said she'd talked to Eric about it and that he was okay with the idea. Having his wife sleep with her gay best friend isn't threatening to him. And they had David almost three years ago now. She said that she'd still be willing to have a baby with me — with us."

He sits next to me, silent. We have talked about this before, but never in such concrete terms. Having sex with Jane was always a hypothetical, and now I am trying to make it a reality. "How would you feel about it?" There is silence next to me as he thinks about it. We have been monogamous for five years. I always thought the issue would be one of us wanting to sleep with another man. Now I am asking how he would feel if I were to sleep with my best friend, my oldest friend, my female friend, Jane.

"I know that you and Jane are close," he says, choosing his words carefully. "And I know that you want to be with me. If it were just to try to have a child, I wouldn't have a problem with that. I think that any child you have will be beautiful. And I would feel privileged, honored, to be a part of raising that child."

I am relieved, excited. I remember again why I am with Brad, why I love him. I snuggle against his body. I love this man, love sleeping with this man, love having sex with this man. Suddenly I am sad because I wish that we could create the child together, that we could make love to each other and have this beautiful baby with our shared bodies. But we both know it cannot happen that way.

I go to say, "I love you." Before I can get the words out, he says, "I love you, too." Comforting sleep comes quickly and I dream of my child.

* * *

I enter her slowly even though I don't need to. We are both turned on, our silliness replaced with something deeper, something more mature, something close to passion and friendship. We have been kissing for so long now that my lips are getting tired.

Her body next to mine seems foreign even though I have known her longer than I have known Brad. I can feel right now the importance of what we are doing. We are trying to create a baby, trying to create life. It has nothing to do with sex between me and Jane. But it has everything to do with me having sex with Jane. Because this isn't just about creating a child and I know that now. This moment, this sex, is also about the love between us.

I realize that the reason I have been nervous and scared about his whole thing is because I love Jane and am attracted to Jane. I am sad that I might only be with her once like this.

I break the kiss. She opens her eyes and I look at her. She is beautiful. I have looked at this face a thousand times and still find the beauty in it. She smiles at me, her breath quickening as is mine. "I love you, Jane," I whisper to her, meaning more than just that.

"I love you, too," she says.

And we are kissing again, knowing that we are both close. Our breathing heightens, deepens, quickens. I feel her body against mine, see that face. I hold on to her, never want to let go.

Our kissing slows. Our breathing deepens, settles. I slowly shift my weight so that I am lying next to her, my leg and arm still on her.

She starts to giggle. I start to giggle, too. Then I am laughing and pull her closer to me.

Peter Dell is a writer who lives in Los Angeles and invites everyone to visit his home page at www.geocities.com/WestHollywood/9973.

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Let this issue serve as your guide to the exciting world of Bi Scouting.

Good luck on the Bi Scout trail!

Photo by Cris Kelly

I pledge to do my duty to shake my booty...

Where Are the Boys?

On Bisexual Men and (In)Visibility

by Mark Silver

Photo by Cris K

"It's good to see a bisexual man out in a position of leadership," someone told me once at a book signing I went to in Oakland a couple of years ago.

He went on: "It's good to see a bisexual man in a position of leadership because there are so few of us out there." What he said was true, but I was waiting for the tag. Sure enough, it came: "I mean, there's not much space for us."

"What do you mean, there's not much space for us?" I asked, in an innocent tone of voice.

"Well, most of the visible bisexuals are women, and they won't make room for men."

When you look around, there aren't nearly as many visible bi men as there are bi women. And there are reasons for that, but one of them ain't 'cause the women are crowding us out.

After disagreeing with him, I backed politely out of the conversation because I wasn't in the mood for an argument. But that conversation focused some feelings I'd been having for a while about men and about bisexuality as a liberation movement, and not as a sexual orientation.

I mean, where are the bi men?

Well, many of us are dead from HIV. David Lourea, Brian Young, Freddie

Mercury, and on and on and on. And that's one reason why there are fewer visible bi men. But still, despite the plague, there are plenty of visible gay men. Why haven't more men who have multi-gendered attractions stood up as bi?

It helps me to understand first why so many women have come out as bi.

The feminist movement of the sixties and seventies helped many women come out as lesbian. Because sexism was (and is) so violent and pervasive, there were many lesbians who chose to be separatist out of a very basic need for survival, to get the hell out of the war zone and to heal themselves. Not surprisingly, considering the rampant misogyny and homophobia, there was a deep distrust of anything male, and for those who were monosexually lesbian, no real reason to even be around men.

While separatism created a wonderful, supportive, healing space for lesbians, it also created insular communities with judgemental attitudes towards anyone who made different choices. Some of those communities also refused to acknowledge that there were men who understood that sexism was destructive and dehumanizing. It created a second closet for bi women in those communities since coming out as being attracted to men could get a woman screamed at, excommunicated, and treated as a pariah. So bi women were forced to create strong and visible networks and communities which were both safe from sexism and open to bisexuality.

My experience, and that of other bi men as told to me, is that the gay male community is not nearly as harsh towards bisexuals. Although I could be told I was just "in a phase," or someone might roll their eyes, or repeatedly call me "gay" or "straight" despite anything I might say, I was never thrown out of any gay space for being bi. As my friend Alexei said, bi men can still "get some" from gay men. For many men who currently living as gay, yet also attracted to women, I don't think the same pressure is there to come out if they aren't actively involved with a woman at the time.

And, of course, there are the men who identify as straight and are attracted to men as well as women, but whose entire community appears to be straight. Homophobia, plain and simple, keeps them from identifying as bisexual, including (I suspect) the fear of losing their entire community. Contributing to that is that the most visible bi community is very much a part of the queer community and queer culture. This might be very foreign (and a hard chasm to cross) for a suburban married businessman who gets turned on when he sees a cute boy.

There are other reasons that many men who already identify as bi aren't visible in our community. One of them is sexism. Many strong, powerful women are moving and shaking in the bisexual communities, and these are women who have spent a great deal of time struggling with the sexism around them, and don't take shit from anyone. Most of the out bi women are more than happy to work with men, but they are going to call men on their shit when it happens. It's happened to me many times. And I've seen bi men who were unable to take the criticism and ran away, saying they were "pushed out."

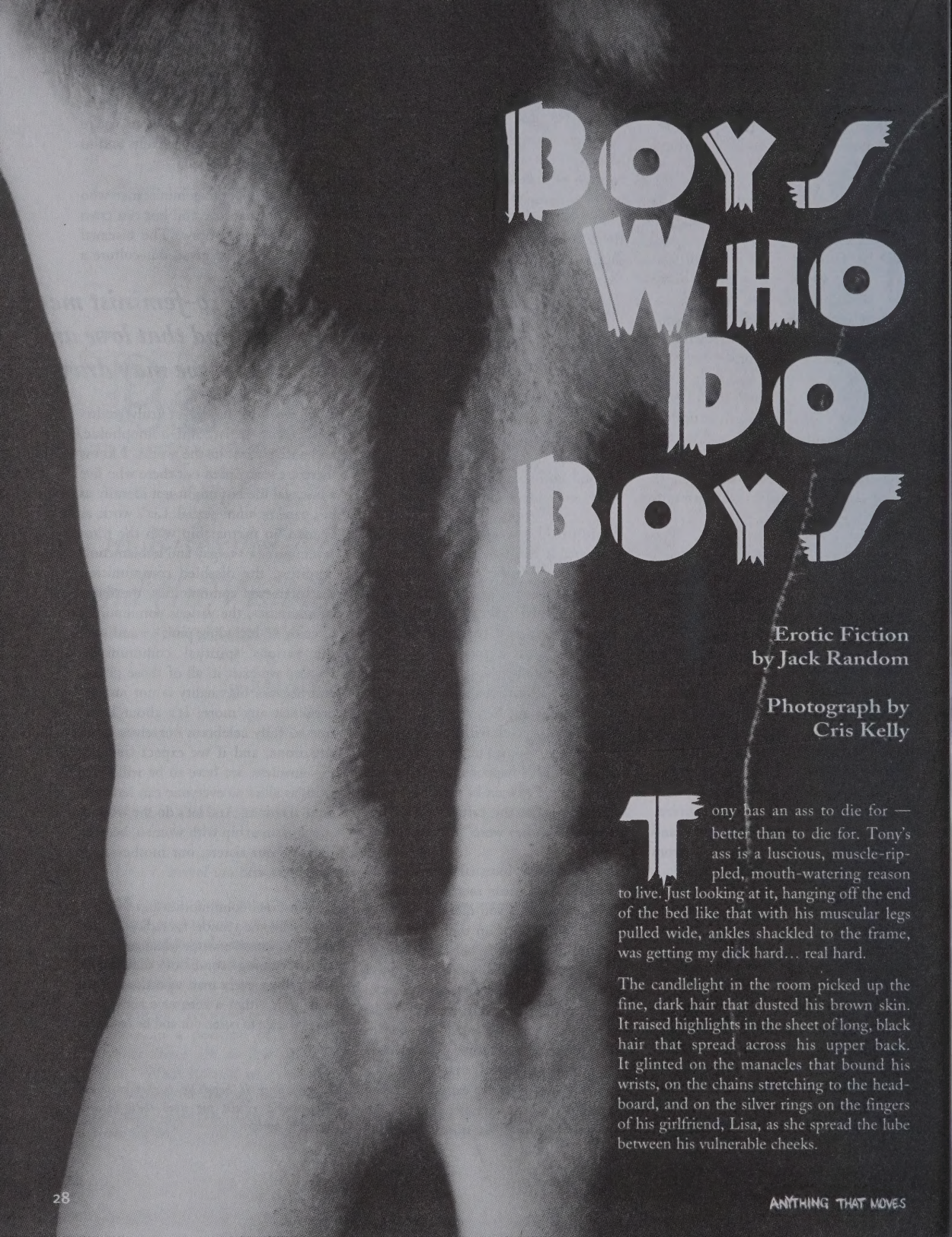
It is true that bisexual women won't make space for bi men in the movement, if what you mean is that the women won't give up their own space for the men. That's because there is already space available for men to get involved. But if you expect women to do the envelope stuffing while we make the speeches, if you expect women to keep the details running while men do the fun, creative stuff, that ain't gonna happen. What you can expect is a lot of powerful and creative people who are challenging the assumptions of mainstream culture and having fun while doing it. You can also expect to be called on your shit when you make mistakes, and people will still stand by you and be your ally, as long as you're willing to own up to your faults and to be a strong ally yourself.

We need strong, pro-feminist men who understand that love and lust can cross any line we may draw. The bisexual communities have given our culture a great working model of truly multi-gender anti-sexist, anti-homophobic, anti-racist work in the world. I know there are many men out there who live a bisexual life but might not identify as bi-, pan- or omni-sexual. Let's work, as bi men, in partnership with the trans communities, the gay and lesbian communities, the disabled communities, the intersexed communities, the fetish communities, the various communities of color — including pink — and with the various spiritual communities, because we exist in all of those places, and because bisexuality is not just for breakfast any more. It's about being free to fully celebrate ourselves in all situations, and if we expect freedom for ourselves, we have to be willing to work as allies so everyone can have the same freedom. And let's do the work in equal partnership with women, because they are our sisters, our mothers, our daughters, and our lovers.

"We need strong, pro-feminist men who understand that love and lust can cross any line we may draw."

The bisexual communities have a great potential to be a model for radical, multi-issue progressive work because we are already doing some of that work. I encourage every man who doesn't feel that he is either a zero or a six on the Kinsey scale to come out and be counted.

Mark Silver is hopefully less of a sexist, homophobic, rascist pig now than he was earlier in his life.



Boys Who Do Boys

Erotic Fiction
by Jack Random

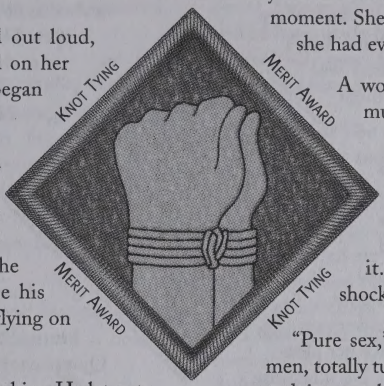
Photograph by
Cris Kelly

Tony has an ass to die for — better than to die for. Tony's ass is a luscious, muscle-rippled, mouth-watering reason to live. Just looking at it, hanging off the end of the bed like that with his muscular legs pulled wide, ankles shackled to the frame, was getting my dick hard… real hard.

The candlelight in the room picked up the fine, dark hair that dusted his brown skin. It raised highlights in the sheet of long, black hair that spread across his upper back. It glinted on the manacles that bound his wrists, on the chains stretching to the headboard, and on the silver rings on the fingers of his girlfriend, Lisa, as she spread the lube between his vulnerable cheeks.

"Little bitch," she whispered as she did it. "I told you that you'd get fucked tonight. You want to be fucked, don't you? You begged me to do it." She pulled a glove from somewhere inside her latex outfit and slipped it on. Then she started working one lubed finger up his ass, slowly, almost tenderly, opening him to the violation.

Beside me, my girlfriend Mary gasped out loud, excited. A sheen of fine sweat appeared on her exposed breasts. She reached out and began slowly stroking my cock.



"But I'm not the one whose going to fuck you, bitch," Lisa whispered quietly, sweetly, into Tony's ear. "I've got Jack here to do it for me." Tony began to tremble in his bonds as she spoke. In the mirror above the headboard I could see his face, twisted, unselfconscious, eyes shut, flying on some intensely personal trip.

Lisa forced her finger all the way up inside him. He let out a low moan — ecstasy mixed with the terror of what was about to happen. His thick cock, untouched, was sticking down stiff as a board.

Straight boys are like that sometimes. They want it and they don't, needing to be seduced into it by a woman, or forced. Power games open the way, a kind of bridge from the unthinkable to the possible and, finally, to the intensely desired.

Tony wanted me to fuck him now. Now that Lisa had said that it was going to happen. Now that he was helpless to stop it. Now that he knew it would give her pleasure to see it done. It wouldn't be him being fucked by a man; it would be him submitting to a woman's pleasure. Lisa would be fucking him through me and I would be almost irrelevant in his mind.

Almost.

Lisa put a second greasy finger into Tony's ass, and Mary groaned almost as loudly as Tony did. I knew without looking that while Mary's right hand was stroking me, her left one was slowly working circles around her engorged clit, idly dipping a finger into her wet pussy. She loved this. Loved seeing men get fucked. Loved sharing me with other guys and being a part of it.

When we first got together, Mary had never been with two men at the same time, but the idea of a three-way turned her on. The surprise for her, that first time, had been how hot it made her just to watch two men kissing and touching each other, to see me sucking cock. She told me later that she had imagined a three-way like those she had seen in porn movies: two men working on one woman, taking turns or working together to pleasure her. Even though she knew I was bi, it never occurred to her that I would enjoy the other guy as much, or more, than she did.

Then one night, after a party, we dragged my old fuck buddy, James, home with us, and she found herself sprawled across the foot of the bed, naked and almost ignored, just watching me fuck him. She played with her pussy as I pulled James' legs up over my shoulders and rammed his ass hard, just the way he liked. All three of us came at almost the same moment. She told me later that it was the hottest time she had ever had.

A woman's thrill at seeing two men together must be the best-kept secret in sex. Even though straight men have been fantasizing forever about watching women make love to each other, something in the culture seems to keep women from seeing two men fuck, or even imagining it. When they do, so many women are shocked to find out how hot it is.

"Pure sex," Mary remarked later. "Two beautiful men, totally turned on and not even a pretense that you were doing anything other than fucking. That's what gets me so hot."

And it was getting her so deliciously hot again as she prepared my cock to fuck Tony for his first time. Her curly hair fell down over her eyes as she moaned... as she worked me up harder... as she worked herself to the edge of coming.

Enough of that, I thought as I wrapped Mary's hair in my fist. She wanted to be a sub tonight and it was time she started acting like one. I shoved her roughly to her knees and forced her slack mouth down over the head of my prick.

"Suck me, girl," I ordered, loud enough for Tony and Lisa to overhear. Then I twisted my hips slightly so that Mary could catch the action on the bed out of the corner of her eye. She started sucking passionately, but I could see that she was still playing with her pussy while she did it. Greedy little slut; no wonder I loved her.

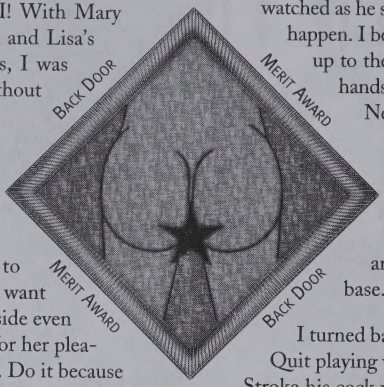
At the sound of my voice, Lisa looked up and flashed me a quick, happy grin, going in that instant from stern mistress to the delighted little girl she really felt like. Then the mask dropped back into place as she squirted more lube and worked a third finger up Tony's asshole. The boy's hips bucked, his voice whined, and her finger slid in.

Lisa slapped Tony's ass hard. "Don't even pretend you don't like this, little boy," she snapped, while moving her fingers in and out, fucking him with her hand. "I know what you need more than you do. If I say I want to see you get fucked by a man, then you are going to get fucked like the little bitch you are." She slapped his ass again, wrenching a moanful cry from him as her fingers plunged in and out of his helpless ass. His cock grew visibly harder and dripped pre-come. Lisa knew her boy.

See "Boys" (p.30)

Storm (from p.35)

Mary and I hadn't known Tony and Lisa very long when Lisa revealed her dream. Learning I was bi, she'd told me on the phone one night about how she had been fucking Tony with a strap-on and how she had this fantasy that she really, really needed to live out. It would be a bit of surprise for Tony, but he had his safeword, and she had a certain intuition about him. Would I be up for it? Oh would I! With Mary sucking greedily at the head of my cock and Lisa's fingers ramming Tony's near-perfect ass, I was getting about as up for it as possible without actually coming.



Lisa was breathing almost as hard as Tony was, but not from the effort of finger fucking. Her fantasy was to see her beautiful, black-haired boyfriend impaled on another man's cock. To order him to take a hard cock up the ass and have him want to please her so much that he would rip aside even the most intimate boundaries of himself for her pleasure. Do it without question or hesitation. Do it because it turned her on so much. Do it because it was an act of submission to her will. She knew that she was about to get what she wanted.

Pulling Mary's hot mouth off of my cock, I picked up a condom from the dresser. Ripping open the little foil packet and unrolling the latex over my throbbing head, I stepped in between Tony's spread legs. He has the most perfect body I've ever seen. I often think that, when I see a naked man in bondage, but in Tony's case it was justified. Every muscle of his back stood out, defined. His arms, stretched out and chained to the headboard, rippled with each subtle movement. I'd wanted to fuck him for a long time. Now, looking down on his helpless, sweat-shining skin, I only wanted him more.

This wasn't about love. This was only about desire; pure, sweat-drenched, breathing-with-your-mouth-open, needing-to-fuck *lust*.

Lisa looked up at me as she withdrew her fingers slowly from his ass, and it was about her need to see me do it, her wordless, unexplainable need for the submission of her lover.

Then, I looked over my shoulder to Mary, her eyes fixed on Tony's dilated asshole, her fingers flying in her own pussy, and it was about how much she loved seeing men fuck, and how much I enjoyed sharing this with her.

I looked back down at Tony and slowly shifted my hips forward, prodding his asshole gently with the blunt head of my cock. He gasped as I did it and I backed off, and then began pushing again.

"Relax baby," Lisa said, stroking the long hair out of his eyes. "Put me in him," I said to Lisa. "Put my cock in your boy's ass." Lisa took hold of my cock and rubbed the head up and down over Tony's asshole. The latex made little wet sounds in the lube that ran out of him. She pulled me forward, guiding my cock down and in. Behind me, I heard Mary whimper softly.

I leaned forward, feeling the heat rising from Tony's skin, and watched as he suddenly went limp, giving up and letting it happen. I began pushing in by myself and Lisa crawled up to the head of the bed. She took his face in her hands and lifted him up to look into her eyes. Needing to see him as it happened.

"Take it," she said. "For me. Take his hard cock up your ass." I pushed harder. Tony moaned and twitched. My cock slipped past the outer ring of muscles and drove deep down, all the way in to the base. I groaned. Lisa gasped.

I turned back to Mary and said, "Get over here, girl. Quit playing with your pussy and make yourself useful. Stroke his cock while I fuck him."

Scrambling to her knees, Mary crouched behind me and reached between our legs to get a grip on Tony's thick, dark cock. I felt him relax again as she did it. The female touch reassured him.

I moved, feeling the hot, tight grip of his ass through the condom and the oceans of lube that Lisa had pushed up into him. Feeling his hips lift, almost unconsciously, adjusting his angle for maximum pleasure. Feeling him start to want it.

That's my moment, the best of the best and the reason that I love to do this. When they start to want it, to enjoy it, it isn't about the women watching any more. At that moment, as my cock began to move into a rhythm, really fucking him, starting to enjoy it myself — at that moment there were no women in the room for me. At that moment we were two men, joined physically in an act that broke all the rules, all the taboos.

I was on top of him, sweating, gasping, thrusting, gripping. I owned him; I controlled him utterly. It was naked, atavistic masculine domination. He was mine and I would use his ass for my pleasure… and, finally, for his as well.

It's all the terror of being a man and all the times I wondered whether I was a "real" man. It's all the stories about prison and torture and rape. To be fucked; to face the secret dread we are all taught as boys. To finally face and overcome what it means to enter the forbidden room of boys who do boys.

I could feel it happening to Tony as I fucked him, feel all his terror melt away in his sounds of pleasure; feel it in the little shakes and jerks of his body. I wanted to initiate him, to take him through the fear and the pain to the melting ocean of

pleasure on the other side, to a manhood beyond the childhood fears of other men. I wanted to hold and own his body just long enough to share how I saw him.

Beautiful Tony. All dark hair and sensual looks. Hair, swinging wildly, turning reddish in the light as he danced at that party. Arms, bulging and knotted with muscle as he moved, making my mouth dry with desire and admiration.

I fucked him and felt him, wild but not unmindful in my joy, beginning to thrust back. He wanted it now, really wanted it, the sensation of my cock in him. He was beyond needing the blessing of a power game, beyond the pain and the fear and, for at least this moment, any definition of his own sexuality. His ass tightened and he began making a staccato grunt with each of my thrusts. He, I, we were both slipping to the edge.

Suddenly his body went rigid under me and his ass became unbearably tight around my cock as he let out a hoarse scream.

"Oh my God!" I heard Mary say, startled. Then, giggling uncontrollably as she jerked his cock, "Jesus Christ! He's coming like a fire hose!"

And that was what did it for me. Slamming my cock into him one more time, I let loose with what felt like a gallon of come. Thick, fiery joy shot up from my balls and into Tony's ass, again and again, pulsing out of me. I collapsed, exhausted, onto his sweet, sweat-covered back.

"Good boy," Lisa said over and over, stroking his head tenderly as my cock softened and slipped out of him. "I love you. Good boy."

From where I lay across his back I looked up to the mirror. I could see his face as Lisa stroked him. It was shining with sweat, and around his eyes, still closed, there might have been tears.

Together the three of us untied him. We unwrapped all the shackles and ropes that had held him down and gently touched his skin and worked the tight muscles loose. So sweet, for me, to touch him this way, when an hour before it would have made him fearful to be held by a man. All that seemed silly now. For a short time anyway he could let me touch him just as easily as the girls.

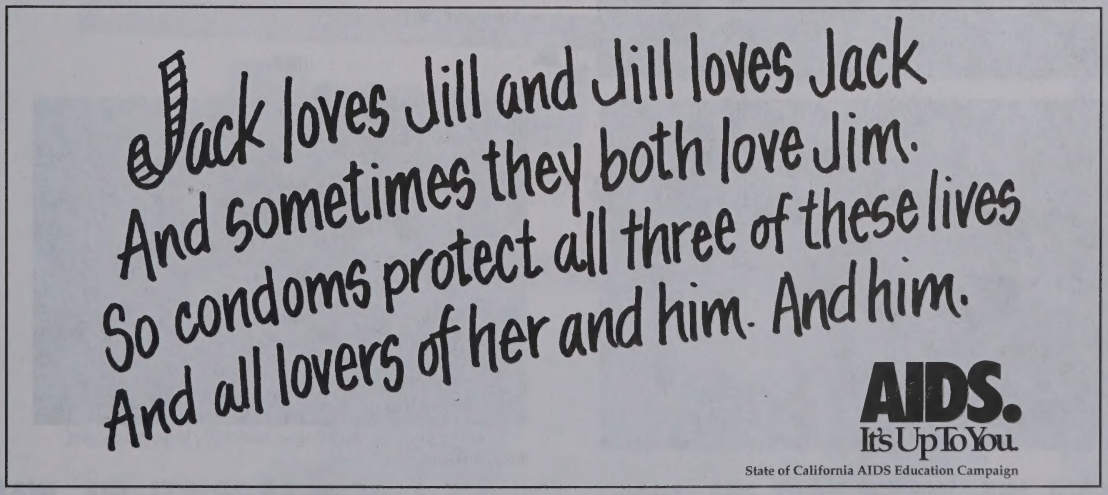
"Was it good? Did you enjoy it?" Lisa asked when he finally opened his eyes and smiled.

"Yes," he said softly. "It was so hot. Thank you." And he kissed her deeply. "And thank you," he said to Mary where she lay, curled up and practically purring in my arms. I reached out and placed my hand gently, palm down, on the center of his chest. "Not too rough on you?" I said. As I did it, I wondered how he would react to my touch, to the memory, to my being there and being the man who had fucked him. I was now afraid of rejection, of this ruining our friendship. I didn't think it would, but stranger things have happened. Straight boys are like that, sometimes.

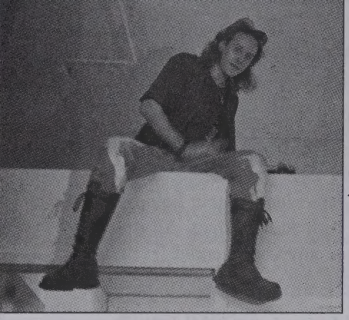
It was pure insecurity, though, for me to doubt him. He turned to look straight into my eyes and said, "No. Not too rough." He put his own hand on my upper thigh. "I want to thank you the most. I guess I've always kind of wondered and, well..." He trailed off and began to look confused, not sure what he wanted to say, and I found myself laughing happily.

"I know," I said. "Most boys wonder. Now you're one of the boys who know."

Jack Random is a bisexual poet, pornographer, and leather daddy who lives, works, and wears leather pants in San Francisco, CA. Please send all compliments, abuse, and lewd comments to Random791@aol.com.



Bi Scouts



Bi Scout Kai gets a view from above, inadvertently giving us a great view from below.

For this issue, we asked our readers and contributors, "Where are the all bi men?" Well, it seemed only fair that if you'd show us yours, we should show you ours. And so, we're pleased to present... the men of *Anything That Moves*.

Gerard displays the proper position to receive mouth-to-mouth resuscitation.

Ever wonder what the Bi Scouts do on outings? *ATM* got a sneak peak at the Scouts' antics.

At left, Jack *(leather jacket)*, Judge *(crew cut and goatee)*, Dan *(ponytail)*, Jonathan *(white shirt & glasses)*, Edgar *(streaked hair)*, Kevin (*striped shirt)*, Jim *(black t-shirt)* and Jace *(patterned hat)*, were so anxious to do their duty and help each other that we could barely get them to sit still for a few pictures.

Finally, after a fun-filled afternoon, they finally settled down for a well-deserved nap. Not that they stayed down for long...

(Clockwise from top left) Edgar, Jonathan, Jace, Judge, Jim, Kevin, and Dan.

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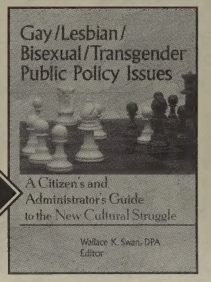

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A Citizen's and Administrator's Guide to the New Cultural Struggle
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CONTENTS

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CONTENTS

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Contact Dawn Atkins directly if you would like her to speak to your organization. Dawn can be reached via e-mail at: dawn-atkins@uiowa.edu

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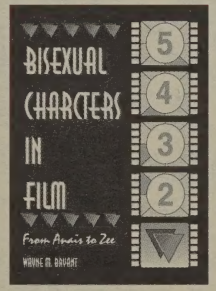

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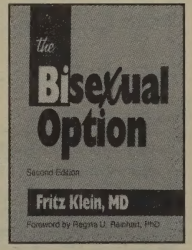

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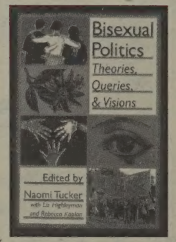

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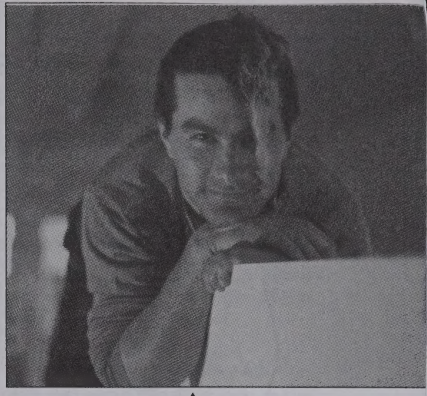
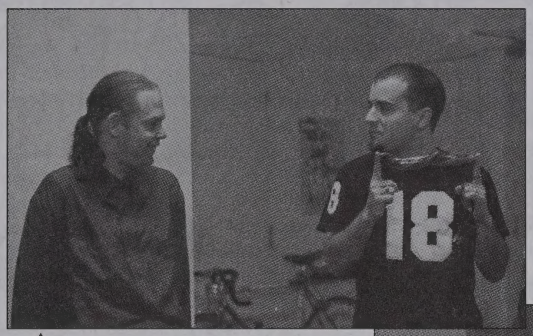
On Parade!

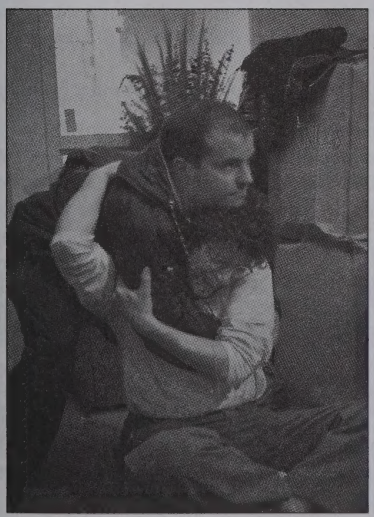
Photos by Kai MacTane and Amy Conger



Bi scout Edgar earns a merit award for his bedroom eyes.

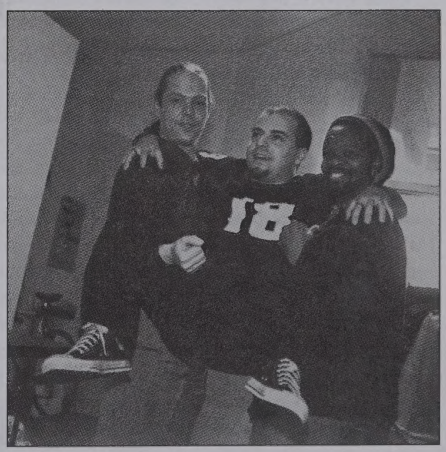


Judge *(using wood)* shows Dan *(above, left)*, Jack *(right, in leather)* and Jonathan *(right, in white)* a great way to stay warm until someone gets the fire started.



Jonathan and Judge, wrestling the Bi Scout way.

Dan *(left)* and Jace *(right)* get a little carried away, while Judge *(center)* just gets carried off.



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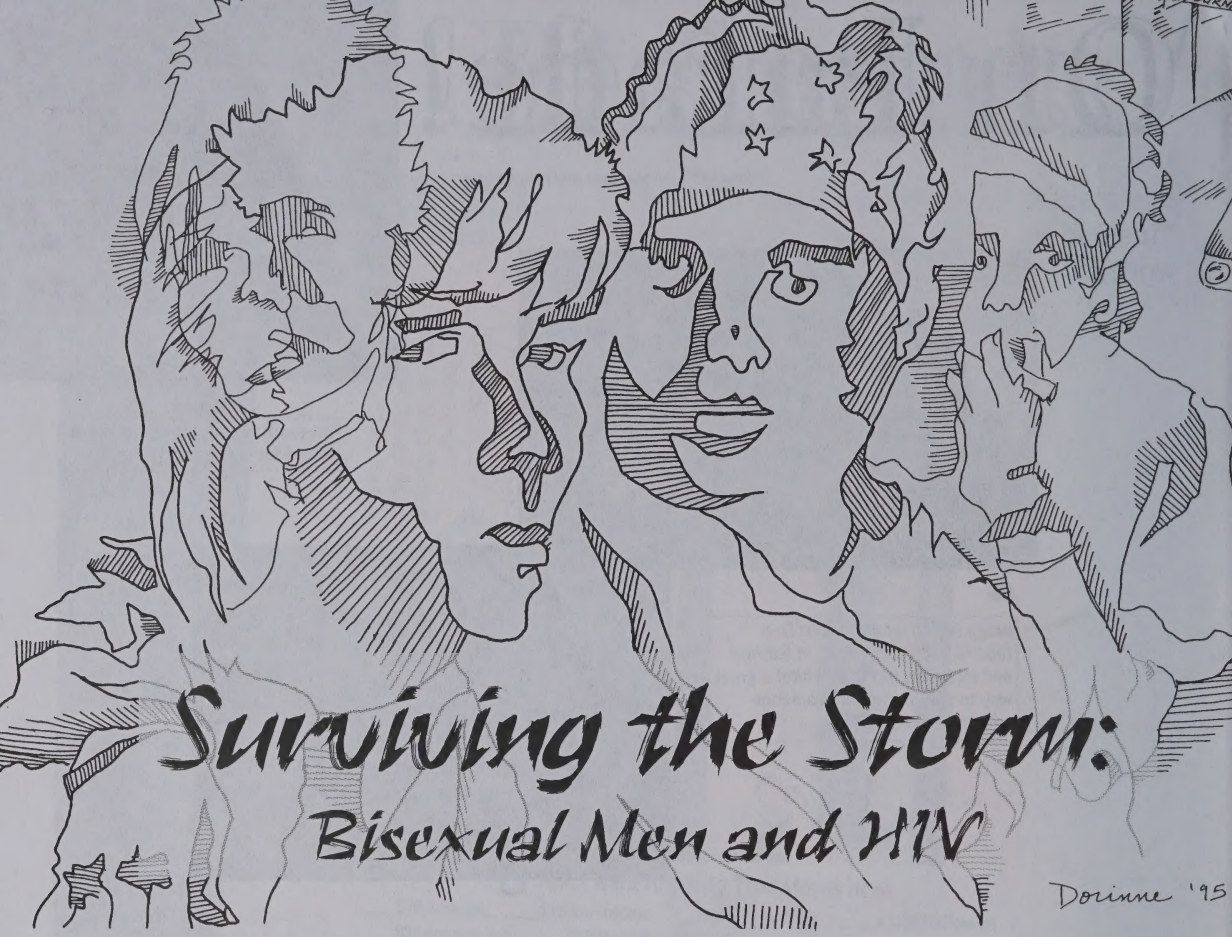


Surviving the Storm:
Bisexual Men and HIV

by Joe Wright
illustrated by Dorinne

AIDS was the hurricane that tore down our house while sparing others. Many viewed our wreckage with fear, turning away as AIDS killed us while simultaneously re-inventing us as "vectors", disease carriers. We almost never organized ourselves in our own self-defense, rarely even described ourselves to the world. The bi celebutantes of the '70s oozed into heterosexual marriages and public denials. In France, one of us made a movie[1] and then died; otherwise, we left little trace.

Where were the bisexual men? What were we doing? And what do we do next?

TV likes to tell us that a disaster brings out the best in people. Its cameras bring us to the helpful neighbors and the towns coming together, as if these images represented a universal truth about the basic goodness of humanity. We like these stories because, amidst images of total destruction, we have nothing else left to hang on to. On the other hand, most of us know these stories are only half-truths.

Some gay men would like to believe they are those "good neighbors," full of compassion and bonding, united to face a homophobic, AIDS-fearing society. This desire is often far from realized. I've heard many versions of this story: A hopeful man comes to San Francisco, only to be startled by betrayal upon realizing that in the "gay Mecca", queer men aren't even generally particularly nice to each other. On the other hand, it would be absurd to say no special bond exists between gay men, especially in San Francisco. They congregate in a multitude of associations and organizations, not the least of which are those responding to the AIDS epidemic. Sometimes gay men do stand together, and sometimes they do love each other — or, at the very least, manage to sort of like each other from time to time.

Can bisexual men say the same?

AIDS is an uncanny mirror to society's painful and silent truths. Here's what AIDS appears to show bisexual men collectively: We have almost nothing in common. We have little or no desire to organize ourselves, and only paltry things to say to the greater world. We have the faintest of demands to make of the powers-that-be. And we have no particular desire to defend ourselves from the most substantial threat we've ever faced as a group of people.

If you exempt yourself from these observations, perhaps it's because you have done something to combat AIDS. I am proud of my work as a bisexual man fighting the epidemic, and I've been honored to be in the midst of queer men finding the best in themselves and, for brief but important moments, becoming the loving collective they sought and at first did not find in each other.

However, while many of us have worked hard to respond to this hurricane, we did not do so as a community of bisexual men, but rather as queer men, or as members of particular neighborhoods, or ethnic or cultural groups. We did not necessarily conceal our distinct life circumstances within these larger communities, but neither did we make our bisexual identities and lives the center of our politics or our actions.

Intellectually, many of us believe that bisexual men's relationship to AIDS is a unique and treacherous one that is generally misunderstood and misrepresented by others. And we believe that we stand to gain a great deal by finding each other, sharing our common experiences, and taking action together. However, while any of these beliefs alone or together could have led American bisexual men into starting a movement (or even just a reasonably stable organization), they have not. In fact, as one bi male friend pointed out to me, we've responded to AIDS in exactly the way that many of us conduct our lives: in quirky, often divided, and frequently unpredictable ways. And not in each other's company.

For me, the 1984 collapse of San Francisco's Bisexual Center remains the most clear missed opportunity. In hindsight, I believe that the Center or its equivalent could have survived had it not been for the AIDS panic that tore it down.

In an article for a book called *Two Lives to Lead*, Maggi Rubenstein and Cynthia Slater quoted their friend David Lourea, president of the Bisexual Center's Board of Directors, as saying, "Our dream is that there will eventually be a bi-positive, thriving, supportive environment in every major city in the U.S." Their article closed by saying that as bisexuals faced the AIDS crisis, "we need each other more than ever."

In 1984, the same year as these optimistic calls to community, news arrived which would virtually destroy that community, as scientists established that a communicable virus, HIV, was the ultimate cause of AIDS. Within a few years, both Cynthia Slater and David Lourea were killed by AIDS.

Instead of uniting to fight their common disaster, many Bay Area bisexuals simply disappeared in the face of the new epidemic. Even as Slater and Rubenstein's article appeared in the new book, the Bisexual Center was collapsing. The suburban sexual adventurers who had supported the Center's social activities fled their suddenly treacherous "lifestyle", thus ensuring the collapse of the institution that might otherwise have been a base for a successful bisexual response to AIDS.

One activist and Bi Center stalwart who lived through that time told me about the terror and social disintegration as the news about AIDS begin spreading through San Francisco's bi community: "People who I'd been on friendly terms with — people who I'd really known, and who I'd seen at the Bisexual Center a couple of weeks before — suddenly wouldn't look at me if they saw me in the street. It was that sudden."

Its political leaders overwhelmed by the epidemic, and its constituency in flight, the Bisexual Center closed its doors. Those who remained — people like Lourea, Slater and Rubenstein — quickly began to address the politics of this new epidemic, but without the community base they'd once had, their subsequent labors — often important, and sometimes resulting in long-term effects on how Americans viewed the epidemic — became more the work of smart and dedicated individuals and less the actions of representatives of a constituency.

As individuals, bisexuals did face AIDS. In my seven years of AIDS prevention work, I've personally encountered many smart, talented bisexuals who were doing all sorts of things to fight the epidemic and its effects. They joined ACT-UP, exchanged needles, or worked as volunteers and staff for the hundreds of non-profit organizations that responded to AIDS. They worked in government health organizations and as academic researchers. They carried out their personal commitments to safe sex and urged others to do the same, and I have every reason to believe that bisexuals have occupied other important roles as well.

And that leads me to what may be the most important lesson that the AIDS epidemic contributes to bisexual politics. So many hard-working, smart and talented bisexual people are fighting the AIDS epidemic, almost entirely as individuals acting in other broader contexts, that I can only conclude we have voted with our feet. As bisexual people, and as bisexual men in particular, we have collectively made a decision that our bisexual identities are not actually all that important in the larger scheme of things. In what first seemed to me to be a paradox, this is especially true in the context of AIDS.

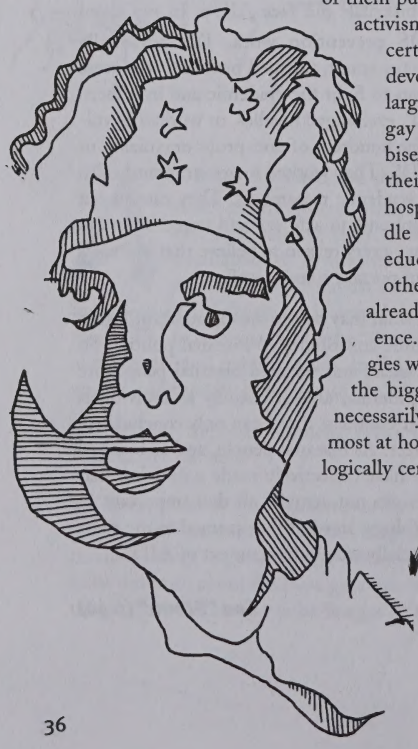
See "Storm" (p.36)

Storm (from p.35)

Maybe this is one of those heartwarming disaster stories after all. The story of the Bisexual Center illustrates the fact that some responded badly — or, put more charitably, reacted with their short-term individual interests most clearly in mind — but the stories of those who stayed around and tried to make themselves useful illustrate that bisexuals, just like other people, have the capacity to think more broadly and to act in the long-term interests of groups of people.

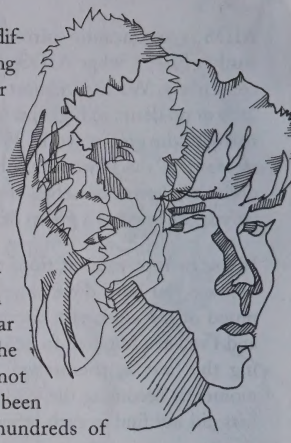
That bisexual men have done little to organize as bisexual men *per se* is thus not necessarily an indictment of us as people, or even of us as a group. The history of the last 15 years shows that many bi men actually acted with a number of broader communities in mind, including communities of queer men and, in some cases, AIDS-impacted poor communities and communities of color. They did so deliberately and strategically.

I began my own AIDS work as a volunteer for San Francisco's STOP AIDS Project, a primarily gay male organization. During this time, I was interested broadly in bisexual organizing; more specifically, I thought it might be possible and valuable to begin a movement to examine and work against the epidemic from a uniquely bisexual perspective. I was far from alone. Many talented people, including a number of people with experience as national-level organizers of bisexual groups, have long been interested in this idea.



Retrospectively, it's clear that most of them put most of their AIDS activism energies into more certain bets. Just as I devoted my energies to a larger and predominantly gay organization, other bisexual activists devoted their AIDS efforts to hospices, ACT-UP, needle exchanges, safe sex education campaigns or other efforts that were already making a difference. They put their energies where they could make the biggest impact, and not necessarily where they felt the most at home or the most ideologically centered.

Meanwhile, inasmuch as a coherent bisexual movement exists, its focus has been largely on matters quite different from AIDS. By organizing ongoing bisexual spaces (for instance, discussion groups and events with open, flexible notions of sexuality), we've done a great service to other queers who are seeking a room of their own. Moreover, the movement has been immensely valuable to me personally in very specific ways at particular times in my life. However, the organized bi movement did not save my life, nor have I ever been prompted to imagine that hundreds of thousands of people would die or become seriously ill if the movement in its current form did not exist.



Certainly, our own fears as bisexual men, and the difficulty many of us have in even liking each other, are at least as responsible for our significant and often-noted absence from bisexual organizing as any differences in opinion about how to prioritize HIV and AIDS. Plus, there is the morbid fact that death has thinned our numbers. Nonetheless, I know that I personally have always found it more compelling to work against AIDS than to build an uncertain and ill-defined movement I'm not sure I really want anyway. Most important, what I've found in my own life and see in the lives of others is that we as bisexual men have indeed sometimes behaved as good neighbors in a disaster. Many of us have put aside our differences with the people around us and tried to work together towards the common aims of saving lives, caring for the sick, and berating the powers-that-be who stepped in our way.

I am writing at the end of 1997, a year filled with great hope and no guarantees. Despite some serious drawbacks, new treatments (most especially, protease inhibitors) have had incredible results and great promise. In North America, AIDS is a different epidemic than it was in 1984. It's now more and more likely that AIDS will fall aside as a political priority for everyone except people like me, people who have made careers (paid or unpaid) from our obsessions with this epidemic, and infected people, who have little choice but to continue to prioritize AIDS. If science and medicine continue to find ways of keeping people alive — and with vaccines now in development, perhaps keeping people uninfected — then the arena of community HIV politics will probably become less and less important each year.

This hopeful moment may soon pass, to be replaced by some more bitter phase of the epidemic. But nonetheless, it is entirely possible that the time for bisexual men to gather to fight AIDS in our own unique way has more or less passed. Today, bisexual men can look clearly at our time of greatest

despair and see ourselves reflected back. Some of us fled from fear. Some of us chose broader communities to join, larger places to stay and struggle. I sometimes still find it sad that almost none of us chose each other in any but the most individual and small ways, but given that we collectively made that choice again and again, I am forced to conclude it is the choice we overwhelmingly seek. If AIDS was not a good enough reason for us to come together, what will be?

Perhaps that is the end of the matter; we view each other from across a crowded room, nod at each other, and move on. But perhaps not. If AIDS illuminated painful truths, so too might it show us a new direction. If AIDS taught us that our peculiar bisexual lives did not stop us from joining and enriching larger communities in a time of crisis, then we might apply this lesson elsewhere.

If we bisexual men can fight AIDS along with gay men, for instance, we should also be able to nourish inclusive queer men's spaces together. And if queers of all genders can come together with sympathetic others to fight AIDS in broader communities, so should we all be able to nourish a new future together. Community centers, coming-out groups, choirs and quorums: together we can create communities and politics in which our commonality is not based on the fear of death but on the possibilities of life. And that is the least of it. That is only what I could think of, as a young man living in a small city in a deeply uncertain time; that is only what I can imagine now.

Joe Wright's day job is to help San Francisco prepare for large-scale HIV vaccine trials. He was fifteen in 1984.

1. *Savage Nights.* Director: Cyril Collard, who died days before the film swept the Cesar Awards.

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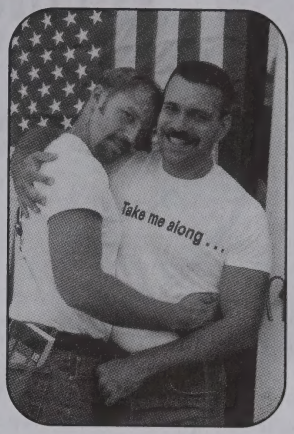
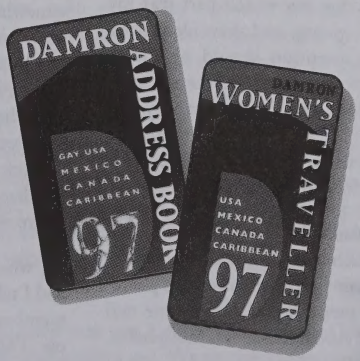


Photo by Wendy Jill York

babe*

*babe-finders



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Airing Our Dirty Laundry

ATM confronts internal transphobia

by Mark Silver
illustration by Julia Keel

A couple of months ago I received a phone call from one of our staff members who "wanted to talk to me about something." It sounded serious, but not particularly ominous.

As managing editor, part of my job is apologizing for and handling various goof-ups that we've perpetrated, often by me personally. I've found that I can make the most progress by hearing the story, figuring out which part was my fault, apologizing, and then identifying what our intention should be so we can start working toward that. It may seem obvious, but I've known very few managers in the various corporate environments in which I've worked who followed that simple formula.

Anyway, the problem was that a series of subtle incidents at staff meetings and in the production cycle had made this particular staff member feel unwelcome and unwanted. And the issue was transphobia.

At first, I was shocked. We're well-meaning activist bisexuals — surely we don't have a problem with transphobia? Well, we did.

Phobias like this are tricky. No one on staff seemed to have any fear of transgendered folks, or any hate or dislike for transgendered folks. The issue was more subtle than that. The staff member in question simply felt that our conversations ended somewhat abruptly. We didn't share stories from our personal lives. No one asked questions. There seemed to be a half-silence, a slight mist, and it was mixed in with the generic dysfunction of an all-volunteer organization which meets only to work on the magazine. When we do socialize, it's at dance clubs or street fairs where it's hard to hold a conversation.

So, what to do? We talked a few times, and I talked with some of the other staff members to get a feel for what was going on. Then, two days after the Bay Area Bisexual Network put on a community forum called "Transphobia Among Us," which played to a standing-room-only crowd, we initiated a discussion along the same lines at out biannual staff retreat. Just talking openly and honestly about what was going on, and providing an opportunity for discussion, created the safety and openness that our trans staff member needed to feel safe.

We have our own baggage; even if we claim to be progressive activists, it doesn't mean that we've rid ourselves of a whole host of infestations, including various phobias and -isms. The easiest way to heal those is to admit that we have them, and then talk about them. To be willing to take risks and make mistakes, and maybe have fear and hurt and anger directed at us, knowing that the end result is actually an increase in the amount of trust, and a bit more solidity added to the foundation of a haven for all of us.

ATM *managing editor Mark Silver has enough bios in this mag already.*

TransBiLine:

PATTERNS

by Patricia Kevena Fili

Did you ever wonder about patterns? Some are attractive, and some I can do without. If I see a skirt in a fabric I like, such as velvet, I will wear it regardless of whether I am the only one wearing it or a thousand other people are adorning themselves with it. Yet nothing could compel me to wear fur — it would be difficult for me to walk around and believe I was a good person in the universe if I wore fur. I might always come back next time as a furry creature... or maybe I was a creature with fur the last time.

I view patterns of behavior in the same light. Personal relationships contain many patterns — recently, for example, I talked to my lovers about the importance of courtesy in relationships. We all believe it is valuable for communicating care and respect. Courtesy encourages me to open my heart, mind, and even my body to the one who delivers it.

As an activist, I have noticed, and been bewildered, by a particular kind of behavioral pattern. Many of us struggle throughout our lives against oppression and for our rights. Oppression contends that rights can be taken away from some because they are perceived as less than others. This pattern attempts to deny the dignity of individuals or groups due to some difference or characteristic.

I expect this kind of pattern from the right wing. What I find strange is when the pattern comes from individuals or groups who have themselves worked against oppression at some point and, after a period of time, may have achieved some advantage. Instead of uniting with others who are also fighting oppression, these persons focus on their own advantages. They let the hook of "privilege" anchor itself in them. Then they act as if cement was poured on their consciousness and solidified there. And they do anything — anything — to retain that advantage.

In the movement to stop the war in Vietnam, I remember, there was an unwillingness to address issues of class, racism, sexism, and homophobia. I remember one discussion when our women comrades confronted the male leadership on sexist behavior. The men's response was to accuse the women of a lack of commitment and loyalty, yelling and saying the women were selfish. In the end, the male leadership never held themselves accountable for behavior that could have been amended for the benefit of all.

I saw the same things happen in other struggles, such as the movement to put an end to nuclear power and weapons. Similarly, here in the queer community, racism, classism and sexism occasionally rear their ugly snouts, along with a lack of recognition regarding bisexuality and the transgendered communities. As both a bisexual and transgendered woman, I recently noticed and addressed issues of transphobia in my two communities.

At *Anything That Moves*, we recently received an article from some east coast FTM (Female to Male) activists who were angry about the behavior of their MTF (Male to Female) comrades. The authors had created 10 principles of behavior that addressed MTFs they knew. The whole *ATM* staff agreed that we wanted to print the article. However, we wanted it to be more constructive. Specifically, one thing that disturbed the authors were the stereotypes MTFs made about FTMs, but at the same time, the authors' own principles included stereotypes about MTFs. It seemed reasonable that if they were angry about the use of stereotypes, they would not want to be guilty of the same infraction.

As an MTF myself, I am disturbed by the sexist and sometimes misogynist behavior from some MTFs I know, so I could understand their anger and wanted to affirm it. At the same time, I thought the return stereotyping of MTFs was simply an oversight and so, having agreed to be the piece's editor, I wrote an email to the authors and addressed my concerns.

What happened next was kind of a surprise and kind of not, which was what made it sad. We received a response from the authors proclaiming that whoever wrote our email asking for changes was obviously not a transgendered person, or else they would not have written it in the first place. Surprise! They also stated their activist credentials and questioned our right to challenge them.

See "Patterns" (p.40)

Patterns (from p.39)

How does this happen? How does anyone come to believe he or she is beyond challenge or critical examination? Why do those who fight oppression show oppressive behavior patterns themselves?

I believe this happens when people set themselves apart from the community. But how do we identify community? It should not just be limited to our self-identified groups. My community is not just the bisexual or transgendered communities; for me, community is "loving and concerned people who challenge injustice". We all live in a culture that accepts sexist, racist, classist and queer-phobic behavior as normative, and we each need to challenge these things in ourselves when they appear.

The next question is, what do comrades do — shouldn't we help each other? I have been helped to be conscious of my racism, sexism and classism by my friends, bless their hearts. In the same spirit, I recently organized a forum here in San Francisco to address transphobia in the queer community. My intention for the forum, which was sponsored by the Bay Area Bisexual Network, was to make conscious in my comrades the transphobia I and others were experiencing. I had not written off these people as hopeless cases. I wanted them to feel and understand. I wanted to bring myself closer to them and them closer to me.

I still affirm the anger of the FTM authors who submitted the principles. Meanwhile, I am learning to transform my own anger into a healing power. Isn't it reasonable to use anger for something constructive, rather than letting it fester and build for a lifetime? When I started to organize the transphobia forum, I was angry and hurt, and for me, the forum was transformative. Afterwards, my non-transgendered comrades displayed a greater understanding and compassion.

It was also empowering to help things change. Another positive use for anger is the attempt to create unity. Besides being a multi-queered individual, I am a person who struggles with poverty, and who has been involved with leftist politics since the seventies. I want to challenge and be challenged by all my mates. If we don't help each other, who can we count on? It's not going to be the Christian Coalition or the Promise Keepers, baby!

So I wish that all of us who work against injustice will view ourselves collectively as comrades. We can't afford to write off anyone. Let us use our anger and love to transform the junk, and not to isolate ourselves in some corner. None of us are perfect creatures. Let us help each other. What a nice pattern that would be — one that might rival courtesy!

Patricia Kevena Fili is a transgendered and bisexual activist, minister, fundraiser and performance artist. Courtesy makes her nipples hard.

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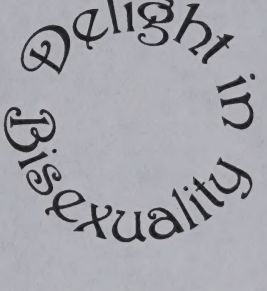

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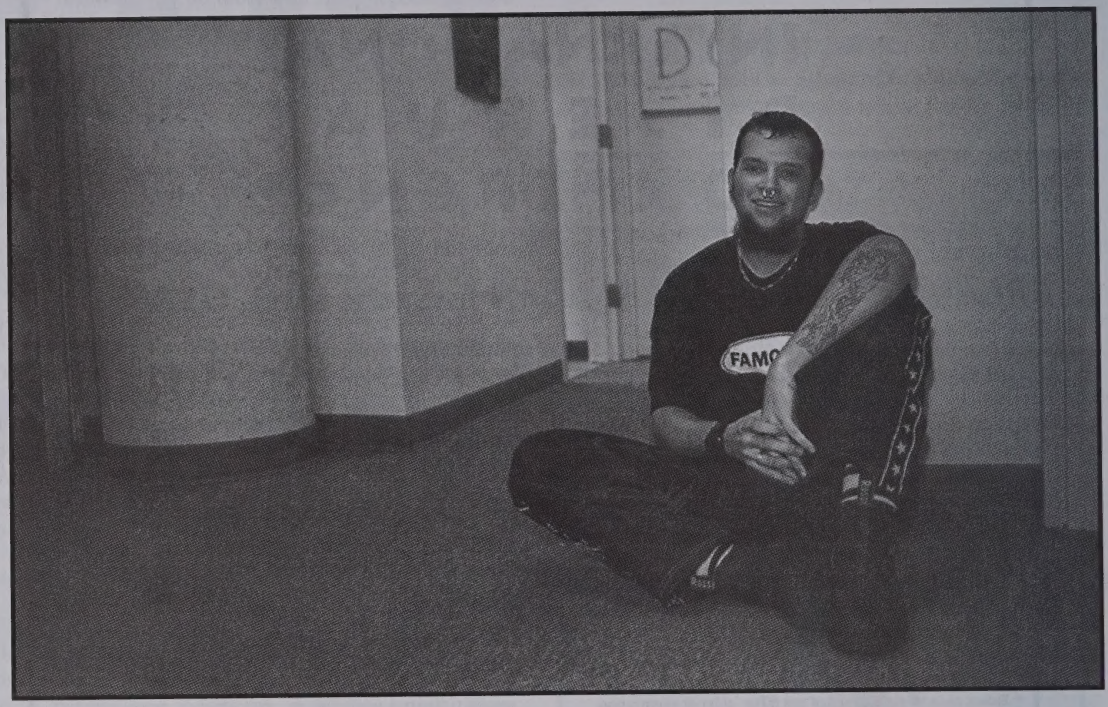
Transman Matt Rice



On The New Queer Identity

interview by Marshall Miller
photographs by Amy Conger

Matt Rice is a busy man;
he works for the San Francisco Department of Public Health
on the Transgender Community Health Project,
is a student at San Francisco State,
and tends bar at the Lone Star Saloon.

Marshall Miller: Matt, Can you tell us about the Transgender Community Health Project?

Matt: The Transgender Community Health Project is a program of the San Francisco Department of Public Health. It is an HIV-prevalence research study of the Transgender Community in San Francisco. It contains a huge psychosocial component looking at access to medical care, discrimination, sexual behaviors, drug use behaviors, mental health and other social service needs. It is going to be used to improve and create health and prevention programs for the TG community here. The data is now being entered and analyzed, and we should have some preliminary findings in a few months.

Marshall: We met this past August in Boston at The Hero's Journey: The Third Annual FTM (Female-To-Male) Conference of the Americas. I thought we could talk about the new queer male identity. So let's get right to the basics: By your definition, what is a man?

Matt: I don't know. There are so many things a man can be, and there are so few things men aren't. I've revised my definition as often as *Webster's* at this point, and I think to be succinct, I'd have to say, "If it says it's a duck, then it is." But that's a very difficult thing to be able to pull off in the real world. I think it's nearly impossible for people to honor — socially — an identity that they cannot see.

So where does that put non-hormone or non-op trans men? Honestly, it puts them in this liminal place from which they must either tolerate people's assumptions about their identities based on the way that they look or be forced to educate everyone they come across that makes the wrong assumption. Having been very male-identified long before I ever started hormones, I can tell you that this is a very difficult place to be socially. For the longest time, I identified as a guy and looked like a dyke and had to either put up with people's assumptions that I was a butch or correct every pronoun that came out of anyone's mouth. I learned to choose my interventions, selecting only those people I thought had a hope of getting a clue.

Marshall: Many people would have answered the previous question in this way: "A man is a person with a penis." How can we unhinge ourselves from a phallocentric, penis-obsessed culture?

Matt: We can't. But we can show other guys — and women, too — who are also caught in the phallocentric culture that there can be another way to be a guy. I'm unhinged from that paradigm primarily by the fact that I have not been allowed to be "hinged" because I am a guy and I don't have a dick — by virtue of having a pussy and being a guy. I've examined some of what that's all about.

I can understand guys who are into dick. I'm into it. I think it can be loads of fun (excuse the pun), but I also don't exclude men from my life because they don't have dicks, or they don't have big enough dicks, or pretty enough dicks, or a Calvin Klein model's body. Being a man is a whole lot about how you live your life, especially in relation to other people — socially, spiritually, and, let's not forget, in terms of fashion. How much of queer culture is wrapped up around penises? Lots and lots, but not always the parts I want to live in. Visit, maybe... but not live in.

Marshall: What are the insights you gained into the world of flirting and sexuality in your transformation from a self-identified dyke to a queer man?

Matt: Sometimes I've actually been able to meet gay men who have never before seen a clit up close and personal who somehow can process fucking me! — [shriek] An FTM who isn't a top? What is this world coming to? Its senses, maybe? — and fitting that in with their sexuality as queer men.

But I love to flirt with men. It's very different than flirting with women as a woman. When I was a butch dyke, I pretty much relied on the "smile at the femme and run away and wait for her to chase you, then try to be totally charming and hope it works" formula.

With men, flirting is my favorite sport. I get to do a good bit of it across the bar at the Lone Star when I'm working. Mostly it's much more direct. The eye contact, the verbal exchanges — it's all very different. But there's always one thing looming over my head: Does he know the family secret?

The disclosure thing is the ominous issue with flirting and dating for me. How long can I flirt with a guy before some slag at the Lone Star is gonna walk up to him and tell him I'm a tranny? Apparently, not very long. I've had a vast

See "Rice" (p.44)

Rice (from p.43)

range of reactions from guys, from "I wish you were a real boy" (with accompanying pronoun slips that never would have happened before) to "So?" For some guys, it's not an issue.

I actually had sex with a guy who came back to me several days later and told me he wasn't into having sex with me because he was a gay man, not bisexual, and sometimes he — the big top that he was — needed a dick in his mouth. I wasn't sure what that all had to do with me. I mean, if he wants to be with me and have a dick in his mouth, we could always order out. I think he was unable to see me as a guy after having fucked me stupid about 16,000 ways — no heterophobia or biphobia there! I also think he would have come up with any excuse not to have a second date, and the tranny thing was certainly convenient for him.

When I asked him when he'd figured out he wasn't into having sex with me, he said, "About halfway through our date." I asked him why, after he figured that out, he still fucked me anyway. He said, "I didn't have the heart to get up and leave." Like a pity fuck is supposed to make me feel better about myself?

The disclosure thing has this weird connection to HIV. Most often, when I tell guys I'm a tranny, it starts with, "Well, before we go to bed there's something I have to tell you." Being the nineties, most fags often assume I'm about to tell them I'm HIV positive. When I tell them I'm a tranny it really throws them off. They're expecting HIV and they get a boy with incongruent body parts. I can't imagine what that's like.

Marshall: In your view, what makes two men having sex with each other unique as compared to other male-female or female-female sex?

Matt: I don't know. I've never been two men having sex together. Most recently, I've been an FTM with another man. But I've sometimes been a straight woman with a man. I've been a dyke with a fag. That's all quite different. My best experiences have been with gay men who have never had sex with women. Maybe that's because I've never really had sex with any self-identified bisexuals. Maybe, because they've never had sex with women, it's easier for them to adjust to my body being that of a different kind of guy. I don't know. I've yet to get any of the guys I've had as lovers to articulate how they've processed all that to me.

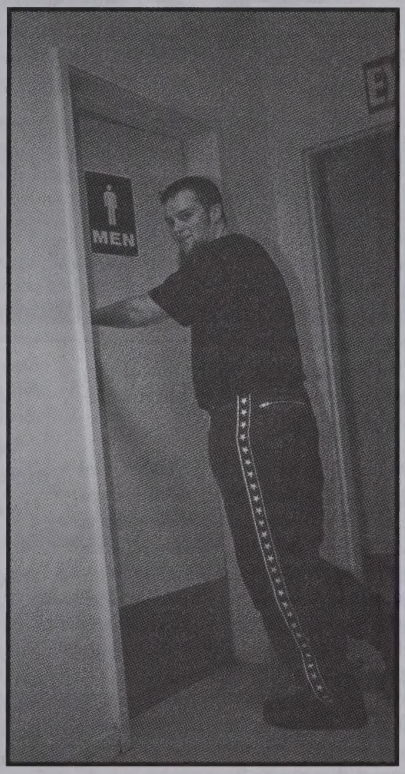
Marshall: Are there issues that partners should be aware of when dating or having sex with FTMs?

Matt: Yeah. I can't speak to all the issues that tranny boys have in relationships. I can tell you that sometimes when people seek me out because they know I'm a tranny, it makes me feel really creeped out, and other times it makes me feel relieved not to have to process all that disclosure shit. Some guys have a hard time dealing with the fact that their FTM lovers have places they can't touch. Guys who date FTMs often get a lot of shit from other fags. One guy actually walked up to my ex, who was drowning his sorrows on the patio of the Lone Star while I was off having chest surgery without him, and said, "Here's my card, call me when you want some real dick." I think Michael set it on fire and threw it at him, but that's because Michael is fabulous.

But when it's all said and done, the tranny thing falls away pretty quickly and you become two people in a relationship. A relationship with a couple of special issues, but not too many.

Marshall: At the Hero's Journey Conference, you talked about the transphobia you have experienced within the queer men's community. How can the bisexual community be a more effective ally to the trans community?

Matt: I'm not sure I think the "community" can do anything effective at all. I think on an individual basis there's a challenge to examine your own transphobia and all that hoo-hah, but I don't think lip service is where the profound empowerment of each other comes from. I think for those of us who do cross over between the bi and trans communities, there's an additional burden of responsibility to educate other activists about how our issues are sometimes different than other bi folks, and how much we all have in common irrespective of anatomy and socialization.



Marshall: I noticed the word "bisexual" was seldom said at the Hero's Journey conference. There were panel discussions on "A New Heterosexual Identity" and "A New Gay Male Identity," but none on a new bisexual identity. There also seemed to be a sense, among some gay-identified FTMs, that having a gay-identified partner better affirmed their own sense of masculinity than having a bisexual one. What are your thoughts on this?

Matt: Well, the titles of the workshops did make me retch. I was thinking, "Well, if there's a workshop for gay men and one from straight folks, what about those of us who just identify as bi, or queer? What about FTMs who identify as FTMs and not "men"? What about people who don't see the world as bipolar with respect to gender? I think that had a lot to do with the conference organizers not having a bi-savvy background. I think I'd have preferred to have an additional queer issues workshop. We did at the '96 conference and it was great.

Marshall: Some have proposed the term "pansexual" as more inclusive than bisexual. In your view, is "bisexual" limiting because it implies only two, fixed genders?

Matt: "Bisexual" can be limiting for some people. It's a good word to use when talking to those who have not spent lots of their lives processing gender and sexuality into the pulpy fluid morass it sometimes seems to be in my life, or with people who see the world in terms of men and only men and women and only women. I think my sexuality is much more complicated than just bisexual. Dare I make you laugh by uttering the words "post-bisexual"?

Marshall: Indeed! But what are the advantages and disadvantages to the term "pansexual"? Could it ever gain widespread acceptance?

Matt: I don't know. Ask a linguist. It has this very hippie flavor that I don't necessarily identify with, though the concept is certainly something that works for me. The advantages are that pansexuals don't require that there be two and only two genders and that all trannies must proceed directly from one to the other with no dallying — and certainly not remaining in-between. The disadvantages might include that no one without access to this magazine or queer culture would have any idea what you're talking about. I guess as we keep getting louder, prouder, and sexier, people might just want to do us regardless.

Marshall Miller holds a Bachelor of Arts in Sexuality and Society from Brown University and co-founded BiProv: A Social and Support Group for Bisexuals and Bi-Questioning People in Greater Rhode Island.

What Your Mother Never Told You

Advice from Auntie Margo & Uncle Bill

Hiya, Uncle Bill:

I'm a 29-year-old Virgo who recently quit his corporate job. Before that, I was in a long-term relationship which had lost most of its sexual fire. Now, after four years of having no sex drive whatsoever due to job and relationship stress, I find that I'm totally horny all the time. I want to fuck everyone I see. I get so nervous that when I talk to a person I find attractive, I make a total idiot out of myself. I am totally out of practice when it comes to picking people up, even though I used to be vaguely suave. Help!

—Tom

Yo, Tom,

You can't be suave when you're desperate. Desperation isn't attractive to anyone.

So, what can you do to become less desperate? First, rethink your objective. Instead of "picking people up," why not "try to make friends?" Even if they want the same thing you do (i.e., a roll in the hay), they're more likely to follow through if you show an interest in the whole person rather than just the part you want to hump.

Since you're worried about making "a total idiot" of yourself when you're talking to someone attractive, maybe you need to practice your approach, either alone or with a friend. Role-play a situation that didn't work for you and see if you can make it come out differently. That will help you feel less self-conscious when you're dealing with the real thing. You can also call San Francisco Sex Information at (415) 989-7374 and speak with a volunteer. They'd probably be willing to role-play and help you practice your communication skills.

One book that might help you is Carol Queen's *Exhibitionism for the Shy*. Even though it's primarily a book designed to help people discover and express their erotic side, there are lots of good pointers about how to talk and act with potential partners. If you can't find it in a bookstore, you can order a copy from Good Vibrations at (800) 289-8423.

You may mellow out, too. If you haven't been sexual for four years, it's natural that the feelings you're experiencing now are overwhelming and pervasive. Look at it this way — at least you left your job freely, If you'd been fired, you'd probably be really depressed, and then you'd have *still* no sex drive!

Good luck. Let me know what happens.

—Uncle Bill

Dear Aunt Margo:

I am a bisexual woman in a relationship with a heterosexual man. I've talked to him about the possibility of me having sex with other women. He said he didn't feel jealous, but he would feel jealous if I were with a man. Do you think that is normal? Does that mean he isn't threatened by my being with a woman because he doesn't think it's for real?

— Confused in Kansas

Dear Confused,

The short answers are "yes" and "yes". However, I will expand in the hope of more insight.

I would rather not use the word "normal," but say yes, it is common for hetero men to feel or think that they would be less or not jealous if their female partners had sex with another woman. It is a common male fantasy to think about two women having sex together, so perhaps the thought of you having sex with another woman is a turn-on, whereas the thought of you having sex with another man may be perceived as a threat and therefore not a turn-on. He may think that if the sex is hotter with another man, you may leave him.

Some men do think that sex between men and women is "real" sex and that

sex between two women is just "fooling around," so therefore less likely to induce jealousy. However, all of the above are bogus thoughts. Your partner may not know why he feels the way he feels; it's just that way for him.

Many things may cause jealousy: how the other person looks or acts, if the other person has some characteristic(s) we wish we had, our own feelings of insecurity, how much time or emotional energy is spent with the other person. Most people experience some degree of jealousy at one time or another. In extreme intensity, it can lead us to have bad feelings about ourselves and possibly take inappropriate actions. Jealousy can also cause much upheaval in — and perhaps end — a relationship.

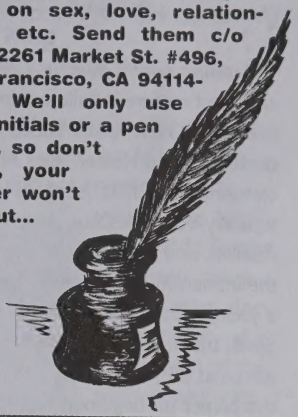
I don't know the length or level of commitment in your relationship, but it seems to me that you and your partner have the important ingredients of sharing who you are and how you feel about potential activities with other people. So, if and when you do have sex with others, keep the communication flowing.

Auntie Margo

NOTE: This is my last column. Have fun and play safe!

— Auntie Margo

What your mother probably never told you was that we are available to answer all your questions on sex, love, relationships, etc. Send them c/o ATM, 2261 Market St. #496, San Francisco, CA 94114-1600. We'll only use your initials or a pen name, so don't worry, your mother won't find out...



Auntie Margo (aka Margo Rila, Ed.D) is a sexologist, educator, and counselor. She is the Training Coordinator for San Francisco Sex Information, on the faculty of the Institute for the Advanced Study of Human Sexuality; founding member of the Bi Center in San Francisco, and of BiTE (Coalition of Bisexual Therapists & Educators).

Uncle Bill (a/k/a Bill Brent) edits and publishes two sex-oriented publications. *Black Sheets* is a bi-oriented zine for kinky, queer, intelligent, and irreverent folk. *The Black Book* is an illustrated resource guide for the erotic explorer. Both are available at the *ATM* order line, (800) 818-8823.

BiNet USA

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BiNet USA is the oldest and largest national Bisexual organization in the USA. Our mission is to collect and distribute information regarding Bisexuality; to facilitate the development of Bisexual community and visibility; to work for the equal rights of Bisexuals and all oppressed peoples; and to eradicate all forms of oppression inside and outside the Bisexual community. We are committed to being affirmatively inclusive of a multicultural constituency and political agenda. Becoming a member of BiNet USA is an opportunity to join with others who share your vision of a Bi-friendly world, and who recognize the value and power of a vibrant national political action organization of Bisexuals and Bi-friendly supporters. We have a great future ahead of us, and we look forward to welcoming you to our ranks.

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Chasing Amy
directed by Kevin Smith
(Miramax Home Video)

Chasing Amy is director Kevin Smith's third and most mature installment in his series of tales about New Jersey slackers. The story centers around Holden (Ben Affleck), a young cartoonist who falls deeply in love with a squeaky-voiced lesbian, Alyssa (Joey Lauren Adams), and finds himself unable to deal with the immensity of her sexual history. Aimed at a young, straight audience, *Chasing Amy* sees Smith trading dick jokes for drama and comes across as a kind of queer politics primer for beginners.

Although self-identified as lesbian, Alyssa talks mainly about not limiting herself, and that's what makes *Chasing Amy* a bi film rather than a gay one. At first glance, the film seems controversial because Alyssa crosses the dividing line between gay and straight to be with Holden, but this is only the beginning. It's not until Holden learns that Alyssa, in high school, had sexual experiences with both men and women that he freaks out. Holden is "okay" with the fact that he's straightening out a lesbian, but when this fantasy is batted into the outfield he can't deal with it. What Holden must ultimately come to terms with is not that he's got a hip lesbian thing going down, but that he's landed a confusing bisexual fly ball.

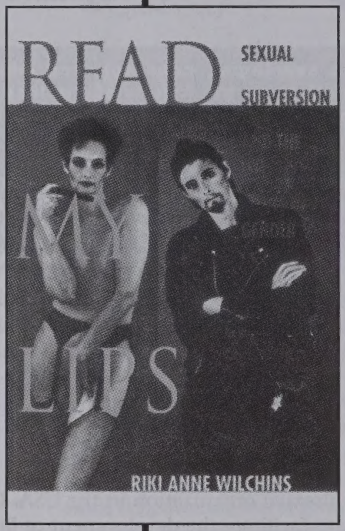
Ultimately, the film has a very simple, liberal message: It's not who you love, but how. Although she never uses the word bisexual, Alyssa's monologue about not limiting yourself to one gender when searching for real love celebrates freedom of choice above all. Quite progressive for a mainstream film. *(Andrew J. Böber)*

REVIEWS

Read My Lips: Sexual Subversion and the End of Gender
by Riki Anne Wilchins
(Firebrand Books, $16.95)

reviewed by Patricia Kevena Fili

As executive director of GenderPac, the Gender Public Advocacy Coalition, Riki Anne Wilchins has organized tirelessly for those who challenge the oppression of gender. She has motivated and challenged many of us who live outside the conventional parameters of gender, whether we identify as transgendered, transsexual, intersexed, or something else. I expected her book to be fascinating. It was, but it was not entirely satisfying.



In the foreword, Wilchins warns readers that she is not speaking in any "official" capacity. Fair enough; she is writing about the experiences that informed her opinions. At the same time, though, *Read My Lips* is Wilchins' attempt at a philosophical tract on "postmodern gender theory." She never makes up her mind about what kind of book she is creating, and as a result the writing lacks focus and clarity.

At their best, Wilchins' philosophical observations unite philosophy with experience, as in this reference to the work of Michel Foucault: "Foucault asked about the necessity of making one's self an object of possible knowledge," she says. For the gender transgressor, "that knowledge will come from others. She must know how others see her so she can know how to see herself; otherwise, she enters society at her peril." Since body meaning rests not with her person but in the perceptions of others, "she may experience a curious and distressing sense of dislocation and vulnerability."

Less compelling is her case for eliminating the use of descriptive terms for gender and the end of "gender" as a concept. Wilchins claims that "transgendered" is only useful as a political category. "It is only within a system of gender oppression that transgender exists in the first place," she contends. This leap lacks credibility: experience shows that challenging the status quo in any way requires tools of language to express resistance. "For identities like gay or lesbian or transgender to be visible and distinct," she asks, "how many other complex and unnamed identities have to be silenced and erased?" I think that this misses the point of language. Definitions need not be exclusive to be useful. It is up to those of us who challenge the tyranny of culture to constantly change language, meaning and political constructs. I have always considered self-definition

to be sovereign. Being playful with language and meaning is one of the delights of being human. Terms don't have to mean what some reactionary insists they do.

Philosophical questions aside, when Wilchins talks about her experience as a transsexual woman (even if she would not use the words) and an organizer, you feel her humor, anger and power. Anger when she discusses her debate with Janice Raymond, the author who contends that transsexuality is a plot of the patriarchy. Power when she describes the interactions between the group Transexual Menace and others at the Michigan Womyn's Music Festival. And humor. When told, "I think of transsexuality as a kind of birth defect," Wilchins dryly replies, "So do I. I was born into the wrong culture."

Wilchins tells the truth with power and without compromise. "Loneliness, and the inability to find partners, is one of the best-kept secrets in the trans community. It's something many of us carry around like a private shame, a secret wound we hide from view:" As a transgendered woman who has recently experienced lovers in my life again following a six-year absence, I am grateful for Wilchins' honesty.

As a philosophical treatise, the book is confusing and often unconvincing, but as a chronicle of resistance it is motivating and powerful. I look for reading that will help inspire me to love and serve better. Despite its shortcomings, *Read My Lips* gave me what I needed. (Firebrand Books, (607) 272-0000.)

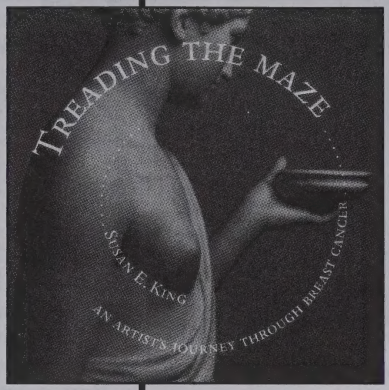
PoMoSexuals
edited by Carol Queen and Lawrence Schimel (Cleis, $14.95)

reviewed by Kevin McCulloch

More literary anthology than theory, *PoMoSexuals* collects the work of fifteen authors exploring challenges to traditional identities through mono-, bi-, trans-, pan- and omnisexual eyes. John Weir and Katherine Raymond share their doubts about being "gay" and "lesbian," Pat Califia discusses her ability to write pornography from many sides of the fence, Laura Antoniou and Jill Nagle write about the fags in their lives, and Riki Anne Wilchins and Michael Thomas Ford mail back postcards from brave new frontiers of gender. An excellent and long-overdue collection, there will be at least one thing here to open anyone's eyes.

What is missing from the anthology is any effort to explain the emergence of new genders and sexual flavors through the lens of history, rather than psychology or literary self-expression. Surely America's transformation from a small-town, agrarian culture to a mobile, cosmopolitan one has as much to do with the individual drive to find new ways to define oneself as any innate need. Unfortunately, the postmodern authors represented never consider this (or any other) social or historical context. Instead, they present the continued revelation of the self in its surprising variety, told through the voices of those who strive valiantly against society and history to create themselves. Was there ever a more modernist theme? (Cleis Press, 1 (800) 780-2279)

Treading the Maze: An Artist's Journey Through Breast Cancer
by Susan E. King (Chronicle Books, $17.95)



Treading the Maze, Susan King's narrative about her breast cancer, is a tale of visits: friends visiting and not knowing exactly what to say, King's own visit to Europe, and many, many visits to many doctors. Intertwined is a discussion of the ways in which art parallels her life as a breast cancer patient and survivor, like a medieval labyrinth that resembles a cancer cell. Her book is a refreshing change from the "purge our soul" autobiographies available at Costco. She demonstrates the parallels between experience and representation, and suggests that, perhaps, life and art do imitate one another. *(Jennifer Yee)*

Arkansas: Three Novellas
by David Leavitt (Houghton Mifflin, $23.00)

David Leavitt is a "gay writer" who, by his own admission, strives to touch both gay and straight readers. Ironically, touching *bisexuals* seems to be his greatest erotic concern. In "The Term Paper Artist," the character Leavitt, also a writer, heads to L.A. on sabbatical and finds himself enjoying a gay fantasy cliché, passing made-to-order term papers off to straight boys in exchange for sex. But if these boys are so "straight," why do they enjoy themselves so much? Leavitt offers no answers; nowhere in this fictional world do bisexuals exist. *(Jay Rubin)*

Women Like Us: Lesbian Favorites

Circuit Party Spins

(Rhino Records, $15.98 each)

Isn't it suspicious how "identity politics" and "diversity" have taken hold in our culture just as marketers have perfected the art of selling goods to narrow target audiences? Rhino Records are the undisputed kings of compilation — what other company can boast of having the most comprehensive guides to both punk rock and disco in their catalog? — and their new collections for gay men and lesbians should have no trouble finding their targets. The lesbian compilation, *Women Like Us*, is more diverse, with tracks ranging from the political (Ani DiFranco's "In or Out") to the groovin' (k.d. lang's "Just Keep Moving") and the silly (Sandra Bernhard's "50 Ways to Leave Your Lover").

Circuit Party Spins, an hour of peppy, adrenaline-boosting anthems belted out over incessant dance beats, is a more acquired taste.

It's bad enough having to hear this crap in every gay club in the country without bringing it home. But when your hundreds-of-thousands-plus strong audience is composed of white men with the same haircuts and the same gym-bloated bodies who all take the same uppers, take off their shirts and crowd onto the same dance floors wearing the same stupid faux dog-tags, "taste" is less a question of principle than of marketing.

(Kevin McCulloch)

Jerome: After the Pageant

by Thomas Avena and Adam Klein

(Bastard Books, $32.95)

reviewed by Benjamin Godfrey

Smokey Robinson's "Tears of a Clown" would be perfect background music for paging through "Jerome: After the Pageant." Jerome Caja's paintings deal with gloomy subjects: AIDS, suicide, rape, isolation. But they are colorful and funny, like lurid cartoons. I imagine someday that all art will come to life. When that day comes, these babies will be brazen drag queens, aching for a cigarette, a lay, and an altar on which to defile themselves.

Caja, who died in 1995, brought his flamboyant, devil-may-care attitude to his paintings, using throw-away materials like sandpaper and painting with mascara and nail polish. His best paintings are hilarious and obnoxious. In "Bozo Picks A Boyfriend," a clown thoughtfully considers three potential boyfriends: a bishop, a blue devil, and a handsome stud. The three are engaged in a pissing contest, and Bozo can't pick a winner because all three have so wildly missed a target on the floor.

"The Last Hand Job" is more poignant but just as irreverent. An unhappy drag queen jacks off a green-tinged man lying in a hospital bed. In the room are a shocked nun and a fuzzy cloud of spirits, suggesting the faces of men who have died.

Not all of Caja's paintings are handled as well as these two. Some of them look like they were slapped together. And although painting in nail polish is a cute idea, the images often look stunted, and I was left wishing that Caja had used media that gave him more control.

I wouldn't call Caja's work controversial, but it borders on tasteless: consider, for example, an image of an altar boy enjoying being raped by a clown as horrified priests look on. Taboos and religious iconography are powerful stuff, and it takes a strong artist to deal with them successfully. Unfortunately, Caja's subjects regularly overpower him and render him a common drag queen overcompensating for a bad case of Catholic guilt.

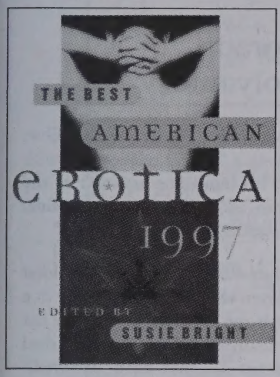
The book includes three essays and plenty of color plates and photographs (shots of his work space show more bottles of nail polish than a Walgreens make-up counter). The essayists all provide insight into Caja's thinking process, but I think they overrate him. Nevertheless, the book is a loving tribute to Caja's life and work.

(Distributed Art Publishers, 155 Sixth Avenue, 2nd Floor, New York, NY 10013-1507.)

The Best American Erotica 1997

edited by Susie Bright
(Simon and Schuster, $12.00)

reviewed by Linda Howard



The problem with reviewing an erotic anthology is that you can't just say, "I give it an eight on the wank-o-meter" and leave it at that. Reviews are supposed to be literary. Insightful. Intellectually satisfying. Emotionally stimulating. Luckily, Susie Bright's *The Best American Erotica 1997* is all that (double or triple on the stimulating part). In fact, this is one of the very few books I've seen that fully delivers what it promises. I have no trouble believing that its 22 stories deserve to be called some of last year's best. *1997's Best* is the perfect bisexual bedside companion: by turns intelligent, entertaining, funny, futuristic, hot, horny, wild, uninhibited, sorrowful, joyful, sexy, slutty, and best of all, utterly, unabashedly men-fucking-men-fucking-women-fucking-women-fucking-gods-fucking-ghosts-fucking-anything-that-moves queer.

With her selections, Susie positively delights in transcending and crossing boundaries and divisions. Only two things remain constant — all that fucking (long may it continue) and themes of changing personal identity. Few characters are exactly what they seem, and many change significantly by the end of each tale. And you won't see stereotypical plots; we're talking about femmes who lay their butch daddies down on their backs and fuck them with their own strap-ons, of gods and dead lovers reincarnating in a fling on an Indian train.

I do note, some of the tales weren't my bag and may not be yours. Michael Lowenthal's "Day of Atonement: Confessional," about a man worrying about AIDS, and Joe Maynard's "Tumors and Humors," about a man whose girlfriend has cancer, are downright uncomfortable to read. It's okay; the authors intended them to be that way. Most disturbing, probably, is the fact that they're erotic not just in spite of, but also *because* of, the reader's instinctive emotional reactions to illness and death.

I also have a few quibbles with some of the authors' choices of phrasing. Bill Brent's story, "Real," was hot, but I found his sexual BDSM pig imagery really mood-destroying. When the top orders his little "pig-slut" to stick its "snout" under his trenchcoat, the first thing I expected it to find was truffles. Similarly, although I liked M. Christian's story, "How Coyote Stole the Sun," I remain frustrated at the fact that the main character is called Dog. Coyotes aren't dogs, dammit; they're coyotes, and in Native American mythologies, the two are different gods.

Quibbles aside, however, for fun, kinky, safe, hot bi sex — I give it at least an eight on the wank-o-meter. Maybe even a nine. On second thought, forget the wank-o-meter. Use the Richter scale instead.

24 Hour Shift

Sarah Greenwood
(Bonobo Records, $12.00)

Despite the ground broken by acts like L7 and Babes in Toyland, hard, aggressive rock is an unusual choice for a young woman with a classical music education and singer-songwriter pretensions. Nevertheless, it works for Sarah Greenwood, whose self-produced debut CD is surprisingly powerful. Although she uses hard rock as a vehicle for songs about emotions and relationships, Greenwood avoids the bitch/whore syndrome, projecting instead a more androgynous persona that is menacing and opaque. When she spits the challenge, "Are you too weak?" at her lover in the song "Leaving Me Out," she comes across like Henry Rollins: pissed off, disturbed, and strangely pleased about it.

Her songs are melodramatic. But they're also compelling, and the playing and production are quite good. Greenwood has a strong feel for the line between quiet and loud that artists like Trent Reznor put to such good use in their arrangements, and these six songs pile noises upon one another brilliantly.

Sarah Greenwood
(photo by Eve Qureini)

Her voice doesn't necessarily lend itself well to such heavy music, but a quieter cover of Serge Gainsbourg's "Je Suis Venu Te Dire Que Je M'Envais" takes advantage of her Swiss upbringing (as well as clinking glasses, a distant soprano, and other found-noise oddities) to produce an eerie, fascinating tape collage testament to abandoned love. (Bonobo Records, 332 Bleecker St., Suite K100, New York, NY 10014) *(Kevin McCulloch)*

Extra! Extra! Read All About Us

Romania's President to Pardon Some Gay and Lesbian Inmates

[IGLHRC: 1/15/97] In a historic meeting, the president of Romania promised to pardon all prisoners currently jailed under his country's draconian laws penalizing sexual relations between consenting adults of the same sex. During the hour-long session, held in Bucharest's Presidential Palace on January 15th, President Emil Constantinescu was briefed on the status of gays and lesbians in Romania by Scott Long, advocacy coordinator of the International Gay and Lesbian Human Rights Commission, and by Jeri Laber, senior advisor to Human Rights Watch.

Long and Laber presented President Constantinescu with a copy of a report published by Human Rights Watch and the International Gay and Lesbian Human Rights Commission, detailing a pattern of systematic abuse of the most basic human rights of Romania's sexual minorities. The report, titled *Public Scandals: Sexual Orientation and Criminal Law in Romania*, demonstrates that despite recent amendments to the criminal code provisions relating to homosexual conduct, gays and lesbians continue to be arrested and convicted if their sexual relations become public knowledge. They face frequent physical abuse and harassment by law enforcement officials, as well as systematic discrimination in many walks of life. Romanian law not only prohibits private sexual acts between consenting adults of the same sex (under article 200 paragraph 1), but may also be interpreted to punish speech and association that expresses a homosexual identity (under article 200 paragraph 5).

President Constantinescu promised to pardon all prisoners convicted under those articles. The president stated that his pardon should send a signal to the Romanian public and added, "Homosexuality is the last remaining human rights problem we have to address in Romania, and we will address it."

"We are very encouraged by the president's response," said Long, "but we will have to wait and see how the decision is implemented. We will monitor the situation closely."

Currently, neither the president nor the Ministry of Justice have a final list of prisoners convicted under article 200 paragraph 1 or 5. According to Romanian law, the prisoners themselves will have to individually petition the president for a pardon in order to initiate the proceedings. "We are mindful that the president's pardons are not equivalent to a repeal of the discriminatory laws," declared Long. "We call on the Romanian Parliament to follow the president's lead and put an end to the abuse."

Governor of Colorado Acknowledges Polyamory

Feb. 6 — In an exclusive interview with *The Denver Post*, Gov. Roy Romer acknowledged having a 16-year relationship with Betty Jane "B.J." Thornberry, his long-time assistant at the Democratic National Committee and political campaign aide. The governor said "I was open with Bea [his wife] about it."

Echoing her father's words, Mary Romer Ammons, his oldest daughter and the third of his seven children, told *The Post* in a separate interview: "I hope people can understand. This has not been a secret. This has been discussed, talked about, worked through, negotiated. My mother has not been deceived," Ammons said.

Romer said his relationship with Thornberry has "always been a secondary relationship. I didn't let it affect our extended family." When asked about his past unequivocal denials of a relationship, Romer said: "I was carefully answering about having a sexual affair... I'm not a very sexual person."

Romer's daughter said she had known Thornberry for 16 years, initially as one of her father's colleagues. "I have been impressed how my parents have been able to balance the relationship without tearing our family apart. They made things work. It allowed adults to have friendships that were important parts of their lives. It was never easy for any of them," she said. "The greatest tragedy here is that the nuances of life aren't always perceived by the public for what they are." Ammons also said she had "no sense of embarrassment and neither should [her mother]."

"This is political warfare. I feel very protective of both my parents, and also for B.J.," she said. "There isn't a bad guy or a victim."

Romer said of his relationship that "We worked this out among ourselves. We knew it would not fit the public perception."

In a prepared statement, Bea Romer said: "B.J. Thornberry is a close friend of Roy's. He has been open with me and shared the facts about the relationship with me from the beginning. It has not affected our marriage or our family. I ask people to respect our private lives."

– Compiled by Anne Killpack

All news briefs have been culled from press releases sent to *ATM* by the named organizations or written by staff. To submit a press release, email it to: qswitch@igc.apc.org.

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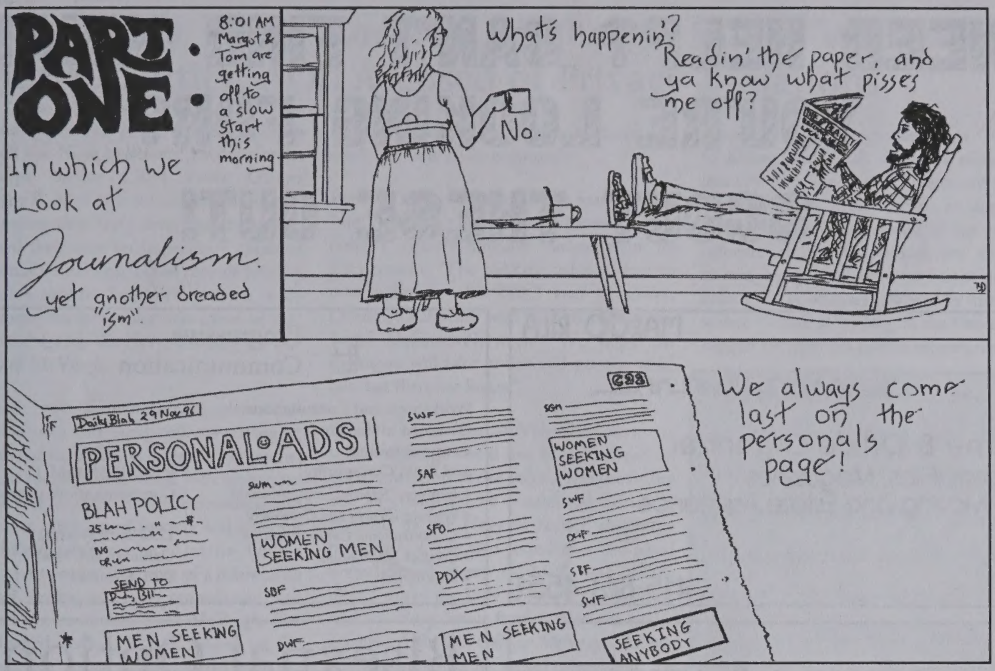

Cartoon by Bill Dawson

IN OTHER NEWS:

SMART MAGAZINE, FOOLISH ADVICE: *EBONY* SAYS BIS ARE HIV RISK

In the November 1997 issue of *Ebony* Magazine, the "Ebony Advisor" answers a question from a woman concerned about HIV by trotting out inaccurate information about bisexuals. The woman, who identifies herself as 23 years old, states that a "little voice inside me is telling me I have AIDS.... My life would be over and everything I've worked for would be a waste." The advisor tells the woman to seek counseling, and says there's no reason for her to think she may be HIV-positive if she has not engaged in risk behavior, "including unprotected sex with partners who are high risk, such as... bisexuals." The advisor then goes on to suggest the woman be tested and do some research on transmission.

The mention of bisexuals as a "high-risk group" was frequently heard in the early years of the AIDS crisis, when risk groups were often vilified and demonized by the press and the public, who knew little about how HIV was transmitted and assumed that bisexual men, more "promiscuous" than the "general population," would infect heterosexual women with the virus. As HIV education has taken the place of ignorance, it is now understood that it is not the sexual orientation of a sexual partner but the unprotected activities you engage in that matter. The continuing stereotypes and lack of information around bisexuality obviously got the best of the *Ebony* advisor. Instead of taking the opportunity to educate this woman about condom use and safer sex, the advisor shirked its responsibility and promulgated the misguided and hurtful belief that bisexual men are somehow more "risky" than others. This is even more alarming when viewed in light of *Ebony*'s past record on lesbian and gay issues, which has been quite good.

HOUSE & GARDEN'S "DOMESTIC BLISS" INCLUDES GAY COUPLE

House & Garden's January issue features a gay male couple, Tom Christopher and Marty Asher, discussing the pitfalls and perils of shopping for plants via mail-order catalogues. The story, written by Billy Norwich, is accompanied by a cartoon of two men looking through the "Bloom and Blossom 1998" catalogue. Without sensation, the magazine includes the two men's humorous and decidedly gay perspective on the subject.

ENTREPENEUR MAGAZINE CALLS DOMESTIC PARTNER POLICIES "MANAGEMENT SMARTS"

The November 1997 issue of *Entrepreneur* magazine featured a good brass-tacks discussion of domestic partnership policies as good business. "When the Walt Disney Co. began offering benefits to the domestic partners of its homosexual employees, it came under fire from many conservative groups. But few companies get that kind of attention for making an internal policy decision — in fact, most businesses implement domestic partner benefit programs without so much as a public ripple," it begins.

It gives a number of tips, such as "Determine who will be eligible," "Decide on the proof required to show that a committed relationship exists," and "Research and explain the costs." It adds that, "[c]ompanies have viewed domestic partner benefits as an important tool in employee retention and maintaining a positive corporate image.... Utilization of domestic partner insurance coverage has been much lower than anticipations, probably because working domestic partners tend to get health insurance through their own employers."

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Judge Rules Navy Cannot Discharge Sailor With "Gay" Online Identity; AOL Accused of Privacy Violations

In January, federal judge Stanley Sporkin ordered the Navy to reverse its decision to discharge Senior Chief Petty Officer Timothy R. McVeigh for alleged homosexuality, saying that Navy investigators wrongly based their case on improperly obtained anonymous and confidential records held by an online service. Sporkin's decision made permanent the temporary injunction he earlier issued against the Navy, blocking the dismissal of McVeigh.

McVeigh (no relation to the man convicted in the Oklahoma City bombing) was serving on the submarine U.S.S. *Chicago* in September when he found himself faced with allegations that he had declared himself homosexual and was under suspicion of sodomy and indecent acts, based solely on an America Online (AOL) user profile. The wife of a fellow crew member, serving as a Navy ombudsman, had received electronic mail from McVeigh. She then logged onto AOL and looked up the screen name under which he had sent the message. The profile listed his marital status as "gay", his occupation as "military", and his name as "Tim," but contained no other identifying information. The ombudsman then turned the profile over to the Navy, which began an investigation in which it linked the screen name to McVeigh. Other evidence used in the hearing included the fact that he had never been married.

A three-member naval administrative board recommended last November that McVeigh be discharged honorably based on his "homosexual statement." The discharge was to take effect in January.

McVeigh has not discussed his sexual orientation. Saying one is homosexual is grounds for dismissal under military law.

Navy Violated "Don't Ask... Don't Pursue"

Sporkin had attacked the Navy's handling of the case earlier in the week, accusing it of "launching a search-and-destroy" mission against McVeigh. He said military officials exceeded the limits of both Pentagon policy and the 1986 Electronic Communications Privacy Act (ECPA) by seeking confidential information from America Online, Inc. without a warrant or court order.

This action marked the first time a court has found military officials exceeding their authority under the Pentagon's "don't ask, don't tell" rule on homosexuality.

Previous legal challenges to the four-year-old "don't ask, don't tell" rule have focused on the policy's constitutionality rather than its enforcement. "The military did not obey its own policy in this case," said C. Dixon Osburn, an attorney with the Servicemembers Legal Defense Network. "We hope the Pentagon will take notice and get the word out that there are limits."

Sporkin wrote that McVeigh's anonymous online message could not be considered an open expression of the sailor's homosexuality and so could not be considered sufficient grounds by the Navy to launch discharge proceedings. He also found that the naval investigator's query to AOL was "likely illegal" under the 1986 privacy act. The judge said the Navy "went further than the policy permits. Although Officer McVeigh did not publicly announce his sexual orientation, the Navy nonetheless impermissibly embarked on a search and 'outing' mission."

AOL Breaks Privacy Agreement

On Sept. 12, a Navy investigator called AOL without identifying himself. The investigator said an employee told him that the owner of the account was named "Timothy R. McVeigh" and lived in Hawaii — where McVeigh is based — according to transcripts of sworn military testimony. AOL later said it regretted the disclosure and acknowledged that it had violated its confidentiality policies.

The Center for Democracy and Technology reported that when the Navy investigator called AOL, it also violated the ECPA, a federal law which requires that a government agency seeking information about an individual's online communication or subscriber information must go through an "appropriate legal process in which, at the very least, they seek an administrative subpoena."

"AOL appears to have violated its much-touted privacy policy and destroyed a subscriber's life," said Electronic Privacy Information Center attorney David Sobel. "The industry keeps saying you can't point to anyone who has been harmed by disclosure of personal information. We now have an unusual circumstance that has led to a sworn statement in a legal proceeding that demonstrates that harm."

America Online spokesperson Wendy Goldberg said AOL does not release the identity of a user unless "presented with a search warrant, a court order, or subpoena. Federal law prohibits release of any personal information... Our policies are all well-known by all our representatives and we believe our policies are followed by them," she added. "There is nothing in the transcript to suggest we gave out private information."

> ***"I have been trained to be a leader, fair and by the book, and if the Navy wants to throw the book and fairness out, I will still go by the book, and in human fairness, lead the fight against them for the benefit of all."***
>
> **— ETCS(SS) Timothy R. McVeigh**

In releasing McVeigh's identity, AOL violated its own policy and probably the law, said McVeigh's attorneys. They also said that the Navy may never have been able to link him with the profile without AOL's information.

Goldberg stressed that AOL takes privacy "extremely seriously," and that members should feel safe, but those involved in the case are not comforted. "Legally speaking, there was no proof that this was his email account," said John Aravosis, an Internet consultant working on the case. "AOL gave the absolute proof that this was his email account. That should never happen."

Kirk Childress, staff attorney with the Servicemembers Legal Defense Network, said that without the link between McVeigh and the screen name, the government's case would be much weaker. "It is doubtful to me that a court would have issued a subpoena under these circumstances," he said.

Shortly after McVeigh's suspension, AOL canceled McVeigh's account and removed his Web page, accusing him of writing chain letters. In fact, McVeigh's page offered a way to request a letter to send to various officials, including the president. McVeigh's new page (http://www.geocities.com/Pentagon/9241) publicizes his case.

– Compiled by Anne Killpack

Sexual Harassment vs. Transsexual Covered By Title IX, Court Rules

[In Your Face, 11/20/97]

A U.S. district judge has ruled valid a sexual harassment complaint against an NYU professor by a transsexual woman. Jennifer Miles, an NYU graduate student, alleged that one of her professors "Began making wholly unwelcome sexual advances... [including] the fondling of breasts, buttocks... forcible attempts to kiss, and repeated propositioning for a sexual relationship." The professor had several similar complaints on file against him from other female students. He was reprimanded but later awarded tenure.

NYU countered the complaint arguing that Miles had no cause of action under Title IX because her transsexual status relieved the university of liability. The judge responded, "There is no conceivable reason why such conduct should be rewarded with legal pardon just because, unbeknownst to [the] professor and everyone else at the university, plaintiff was not a biological female...[any] jury that accepted as true all facts claimed by [Miles] would surely find in her favor on this issue."

Ellen's Mom Promotes Queer Family Values

"For Our Families," a new public service announcement for television, will feature Betty DeGeneres, mother of Ellen DeGeneres and spokesperson for the National Coming Out Project. In the 30-second spot, Betty DeGeneres and a cast of children build a huge American flag out of red, white and blue boxes, while DeGeneres urges an end to discrimination based on sexual orientation as an important family issue. The ad is set to begin airing nationally in February.

BRIEFS:

GMHC FAVORS MANDATORY HIV REPORTING

The New York Times reports that the Gay Men's Health Crisis, the nation's leading AIDS service agency, is reversing a long-standing position and calling on New York doctors to notify the New York State Health Department of people testing positive for HIV.

CALIFORNIA SENATE COMMITTEE REJECTS STATEWIDE DOMESTIC PARTNER LAW

The Associated Press reports that a bill headed for the California Assembly which would have required state-contracted businesses to provide identical benefits to employees with domestic partners and those with married spouses was killed by a Senate Committee.

FIRST LESBIAN COUPLE WEDS IN AMSTERDAM

Reuters reports that Irma van Praag and Anna Kreuger became the Netherlands' first lesbian couple to wed under the country's new marriage law, which went into effect on January 1.

GAY MARRIAGE APPEALED TO VT SUPREME COURT

Reuters reports that three gay couples filed an appeal with Vermont's Supreme Court after their applications for licenses to marry were rejected.

The lawsuit puts the state of Vermont in the forefront of the national debate over lesbian and gay marriage.

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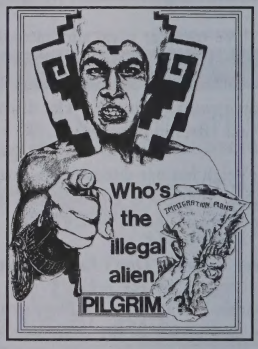

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HRC Pauses Millennium March Plans After Criticisms from Other Groups

Due to concerns over the timing, intent and message of a proposed Millennium March on Washington in the year 2000, the Human Rights Commission (HRC) and several national queer organizations jointly agreed to "pause" plans for the march after a lengthy conference call on Feb. 13, 1998.

Elizabeth Birch, executive director of the HRC, said, "We decided a much larger group of gay people will come together to talk about both a national march and a 50-state march." She added that, "People just want more dialogue. We agreed to just pause and have more people at the table." Birch says she believes the march will proceed, but that more discussion should occur.

During a conference call with Birch, leaders of at least six other national queer organizations expressed serious problems with the way HRC and the Universal Fellowship of Metropolitan Community Churches (MCC) had announced the march plans.

On Feb. 4, the HRC and MCC issued a press release announcing the proposed Millennium March. According to the release, the march was planned to occur in the spring of 2000. Eight other queer rights organizations had signed onto the proposal: the National Gay and Lesbian Task Force (NGLTF); the National Black Gay and Lesbian Leadership Forum; the Gay and Lesbian Alliance Against Defamation; the National Latino/a Lesbian and Gay Organization; the National Center for Lesbian Rights; the National Youth Advocacy Coalition; Parents, Families and Friends of Lesbians and Gays; and the Gay and Lesbian Victory Fund.

By Feb. 9, several of those organizations and numerous other national organizations had voiced protests over HRC's handling of the release. The critics voiced anger and concern that the two groups had not adequately discussed plans within the queer activist community before publicly calling for the march. Additionally, many accused the HRC giving their organizations inadequate information and time to consider and respond to the announcement. HRC gave most organizations less than 24 hours — and in some cases, only about one hour — to sign on as supporters of the march before the press release went out.

"We pleaded with them to delay issuing their press release so we could have a more extensive discussion," NGLTF executive director Kerry Lobel said. She said NGLTF is deliberating over how to proceed next, and that "the jury is still out" on her organization's status as an endorsee.

– Compiled by Linda Howard

World Pride March Planned for 2000

The Italian BGLT organization Circolo di Cultura Omosessuale "Mario Mieli" has called for a World Pride March in Rome in 2000. InterPride, the international pride organization, has agreed to support the event. According to Imma Battaglia, who leads the "Mario Mieli," they wish the march to coincide with the Catholic Millennium Jubilee in the Vatican. However, no exact date for the march has been announced.

The "Mario Mieli" made headlines in Italy when they used a historic January 15, 1998 meeting between the pope and the mayor of Rome to protest the fact that the Catholic Church continues to ignore the problems faced by the communities served by the organization. Circolo's stated aims are to protect the civil rights of gay men, lesbians, bisexuals, transsexuals, sex workers, and people with HIV/AIDS, while promoting freedom of expression regardless of gender, sexual orientation/identity or HIV status.

For details, contact the "Mario Mieli" in Rome: Imma Battaglia or Tatiana Palermi, Via Corinto, 5-00146-Roma, Italia. Telephone: 39-6-5413985. Email: mario.mieli@agora.stm.it

The Bisexual Resource Guide, 3rd Edition: Call for Regional Editors

This is a call for regional editors and volunteers for the Bisexual Resource Guide. In the first two weeks since we issued an electronic call for volunteers, we have recruited more than 50 people to serve as regional editors! All told, we will need about 100 editors from around the world. Would you like to be one of them?

Here's what a regional editor does: You would receive a printout for each bi and les/bi/gay group in your region that we have listed. It would be your responsibility to attempt to contact the group, verify and update the information, and send that information back to the team of volunteers entering data here in Boston. If a group is no longer in existence, or if our contact information is bad, we would want to know that, too. You would also be asked to look for additional listings for your area. You would have 2-3 months to complete this process.

We are looking for editors for the following regions:

Argentina; Australia (Queensland, Northern Territories, West Australia & South Australia, Tasmania); Belgium; Costa Rica; El Salvador; France; Germany; Iceland; India; Japan; Korea; Malaysia; South Africa; Sri Lanka; Sweden; Zimbabwe; United States (Arizona, Delaware, Hawaii, Idaho, Illinois (except the Chicago area), Louisiana, Minnesota, Montana, New Mexico, New York (NYC area), North Carolina, North Dakota, Ohio, Oklahoma, Oregon, Pennsylvania (Philadelphia area), Rhode Island, South Dakota, South Carolina, Vermont, West Virginia, Wisconsin, Wyoming). Possible other regions: Spain, Portugal, Thailand, etc. We have no listings in many countries, but would like to know if there are groups we don't know about yet.

We also need people to help with data entry, seek out advertisers, help with publicity, act as liaisons to regional editors, and more.

If you think you may be interested in any of the above, call the Bisexual Resource Center at (617) 424-9595, or send an email to Editor Robyn Ochs (ochs@bi.org) or Assistant Editor Linda Dyndiuk (ldyndiuk@mcp.edu).

GET YOURSELF CONNECTED!

About BABN

The **Bay Area Bisexual Network** is an alliance of bisexual and bi-supportive groups, individuals, and resources in the San Francisco Bay Area. BABN is connecting the bisexual community and creating a movement for acceptance and support of human diversity by coordinating forums, social events, opportunities, and resources.

BABN is by nature educational in that we are supporting the rights of all women and men to develop as whole beings without oppression due to age, race, religion, color, class or different abilities, nor because of sexual preference, gender identity, gender preference and/or responsible consensual sexual behavior preferences. We also support acceptance in employment, housing, health care, and education. This includes access to complete sexual information, free expression of responsible consensual sexual activity, and other freedoms. Membership is open to all bi-positive people whether or not they consider themselves bisexual.

BABN sponsors a speakers' network of bisexuals from diverse backgrounds, races, lifestyles, and cultures who speak on all topics and issues concerning bisexuality. Call 415-703-7977 voice mail box #1, or write BABN at 2261 Market St., #496, San Francisco, CA 94114-1600.

BIS BEYOND THE BAY

AUSTRALIAN BISEXUAL NETWORK: National information, support, advocacy and social network for bi men, women, partners/families, and bi and bi-friendly groups. P.O. Box 490, Lutwyche, Brisbane, QLD 4030. http://www.ozemail.com.au/~ausbinet/index.html

BINET USA: National bisexual network dedicated to visibility, resource sharing, and political activism toward a multicultural, co-gendered, bisexual community. Quarterly newsletter, conferences. Info: PO Box 7327, Langley Park, MD 20787 USA. 202.986.7186.

BISEXUAL RESOURCE CENTER: Projects include The Bisexual Archives and the Bisexual Resource Office. PO Box 639, Cambridge, MA 02140 USA. 617.424.9595.

GLASGOW BISEXUAL NETWORK: Social support and health information for bisexuals and their supporters in Glasgow, Scotland, UK. Volunteers and bifriendly folks needed to help run the group. Regular social meetings at the Gay & Lesbian Centre, 11 Dixon St., Glasgow. For more information, contact: Dominic Aveyard, GBN Group Coordinator, 127 Glenhead St., Parkhouse, Glasgow, Scotland, UK, Postcode: G22-6DQ 0141-336-4548 evenings and weekdays.

GRUPO TRIANGULO ROSA: To help the human rights of BGLT people, struggle against discrimination, help coordinate a Central American movement for the rights of sexual minorities, and prevent HIV. Apartado Postal 1619-4050, Alajuela, Costa Rica. 506.23.2411.

MOSCOW BI-SEX CLUB: Union for people with unorthodox desires. Looking for international contacts, ideas, support. PO Box N3, Moscow Russia 123308.

UNITARIAN UNIVERSALIST BISEXUAL NETWORK: A packet of materials of interest to bisexuals, including a newsletter, is available from the Unitarian Church by sending $10 to UUBN, PO Box 10818, Portland, ME 04104 USA.

WAZOBIA: For women who love women and men who love men however they may self-identify, BGLT or questioning people from continental Africa. PO Box 255, New York, NY 10116 USA. 212.690.3705.

Anything That Moves is interested in listing national bisexual resources and projects that involve the entire community. To list your organization, please send complete contact information to:

Bi Resources Listings
Anything That Moves
2261 Market St. #496
San Francisco, CA 94114-1600
qswitch@igc.apc.org

or browse our Web site (sponsored by Planet Out):

http://www.anythingthatmoves.com/

ATM reserves the right to edit all entries for length and style.

Call for Submissions: Queer-Positive Family Stories

PFLAG members Nancy Lamkin Olson and Laura Siegel are requesting submissions for a new anthology, *Celebrating Our Gay Family Members.*

We are soliciting personal stories and poems from heterosexual family members that reflect the celebration of their gay, lesbian, bisexual and transgendered children. All family members are encouraged to submit pieces — parents, grandparents, siblings, aunts, uncles, children, etc. We hope for a broad range of topics including religion, loving a person with AIDS, gay youth, etc.

We want stories, poems, vignettes about anything: marching in a pride parade, enjoying Thanksgiving dinner together, honoring a relationship, a grandchild, or simply honoring your family member. We leave it up to your creativity and imagination to define your own celebration. We DO NOT want stories of transition or journeys to acceptance. We are looking for pieces that go beyond tolerance, beyond acceptance and are firmly rooted in celebration.

Deadline: Open. Send inquiries with SASE to Laura Siegel, 1107 Everglades Drive, Pacifica CA 94044, or email celebratn@aol.com. Guidelines are also available on the Web at http://www.critpath.org/pflag-talk/celebrations.html.

The updated 1998 Edition

BISEXUAL RESOURCE GUIDE

Robyn Ochs, editor

Contains:

- listings of more than 1,400 bi and lesbigay groups in over 20 countries
- an annotated bibliography of recommended books dealing with bisexuality, including information on forthcoming publications
- a guide to recommended films
- information on merchandise available (buttons, t-shirts, books, etc.)
- safer sex information
- upcoming conferences, calls for papers, etc.

The Bisexual Resource Guide, published by the Bisexual Resources Center, is available for only US $11.95, postage paid. To order YOUR copy, send a check, along with your address, to:

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SUBMIT TO ANYTHING THAT MOVES

Fencesitters 'n' Trannies, makin' friends

Bisexuals and trans folks have not only been making friends with each other — sometimes they're the same people. We're looking for bi and trans perspectives on similarities and differences between our communities. How are we helping each other? Where do we overlap? Where have we missed the boat? Are we hurting each other? And what can we teach one another? Got ideas? Send 'em in! Deadline April 30.

Anything That Moves welcomes unsolicited manuscripts, photographs, and illustrations. We are particularly interested in work by bi/pan/or-similarly-sexuals, people of color, transgender- or transsexual-identified, those who are differently abled, and those challenged by AIDS or HIV, as well as material not previously published and/or from new or unpublished writers.

WRITERS:

ATM accepts submissions such as literary, film, theater, and music reviews; fiction; non-fiction commentary and feature articles; and news reports on the bisexual community or individuals.

FICTION: Any content is up for consideration and need not address bisexuality specifically; however, bisexual content is given priority. Please, 2500 words or less.

NON-FICTION COMMENTARY: *ATM* provides space for writers to explore contemporary issues related to bisexuality that are editorial in nature — personal opinions and viewpoints. Submissions should not exceed 900 words.

REVIEWS: *ATM* publishes reviews of books, film, music, exhibits, theater, and anything else related to bisexual artists, topics, and/or themes as well as subjects of interest to bisexuals. Reviews should not exceed 400 words. Black & white photos or stats of reviewed book jackets, or black & white theatrical/portfolio promotional photos to accompany reviews, are greatly appreciated.

FEATURES & INTERVIEWS: *ATM* publishes features relating to any angle of bisexual life — cultural, lifestyle, spiritual, sexual, health, relationship, political... you name it. Please, 2500 words or less.

PHOTOGRAPHERS AND ILLUSTRATORS:

ATM is interested in receiving (*read: at times desperate for*) photo submissions (single photos as well as photo essays), illustrations, computer graphics, and cartoons. Erotic/nude photos will be considered. All photos containing models or subjects with identifiable and/or copyrighted likenesses must be accompanied by a signed photo release form and age statement. Illustrations must be submitted in stat, velox, or clean photocopy form. Do not submit originals, as *ATM* cannot be responsible for them. Photographer's, designer's or illustrator's name, address, and phone number *must* be attached to the back of each submission.

THE FINE PRINT, PART I:

Submissions must be typed, double-spaced, on clean white paper and must include the article's name and word count on each page. Please include the author's name, address, phone number and email address, if applicable, on the cover letter and the last page of the submission. Also, please note in your cover letter whether you have submitted your manuscript to any other media source, and if it has been previously published.

Submissions must include a SASE. Handwritten, illegible, or single-spaced copy will be returned. *ATM* gladly accepts manuscripts on disk *only* if accompanied by a hard copy, as you know how finicky disks-through-the-mail can be. Disk submissions by disk **must** be saved in MS Word for Macintosh 4.0 through 6.0 format; we **cannot** translate MS Word 98.

Send all submissions to: ***Anything That Moves*: Submissions, 2261 Market St. #496, San Francisco, CA 94114-1600.** Manuscripts may also be submitted via email, to: **qswitch@igc.apc.org.**

THE FINE PRINT, PART II:

Notification of acceptance will be made within 6-8 weeks, although publication date cannot be given (accepted material is often kept on file and considered for each new issue). Accepted material cannot be returned. **Do not send originals, as *ATM* will not be responsible for them.** Rejected material returned only if accompanied by the correct amount of postage.

PLEASE NOTE:

All submissions must be accompanied by a cover letter that includes a brief (30 words or less) biography of the writer and a listing of submissions by title. Please indicate if the contribution has been published or submitted for consideration elsewhere.

Pen names are permitted; however, the author's real name, address, and phone number must accompany the submission.

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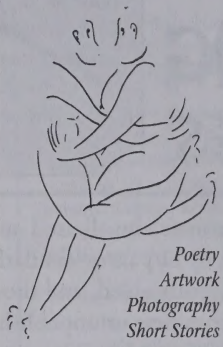
A Journal of Erotic Art



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Who's Watching Big Brother?

by Liz Highleyman

FL Adultery Law Challenged

In November, Howard Fletcher of Boca Raton, Florida challenged the state to prosecute him for having oral sex with a women who was not his wife. The state attorney has not yet decided whether to file charges; the act in question is a misdemeanor. Fletcher, exective secretary of the National Sexual Rights Council, aims to challenge old laws against adultery and "unnatural and lascivious acts." NSRC is also seeking an amendment to the state constitution that provides that "no act of sexual intimacy committed in private between consenting persons above the age of majority shall be prohibited by law." Florida's laws are among the many against adultery, unmarried cohabitation, and sodomy that remain on the books in several states.

New Paltz Women's Conference Draws Fire

Controversy arose in November over a women's studies conference entitled "Revolting Behavior: The Challenges of Women's Sexual Freedom" held at the State University of New York (SUNY) at New Paltz. The conference focused on various areas of women's sexuality including lesbianism, consensual sadomasochism, sex toys, contraception, and HIV/AIDS.

New York Governor George Pataki condemned the conference, calling it "outrageous" that state tax dollars should be spent on such an event. SUNY trustee Candace de Russy demanded that SUNY New Paltz president Roger Bowen resign. Bowen defended the conference on First Amendment grounds, stating that "a university should provide a forum to present, discuss and debate... If you can't have groups on the margin here, where can you have them?"

At a SUNY Board of Trustees meeting in Albany on Nov. 16, students protested the trustees' efforts to censure the conference. Ann Thomas, president of SUNY's Student Association, said, "Students have the right to learn about themselves, their sexuality, culture and society without the governor deciding what is worthy of study and what is not." The trustees also faced protesters at their Nov. 10 meeting in New York City, and *The New York Times* has published editorials in support of the conference.

Bookstore Charged with Obscenity in Tennessee

A Barnes and Noble bookstore in Franklin, Tennessee near Nashville was indicted on obscenity charges in November for displaying books that feature photographs of nudes. The indictment charges the store with "improperly displaying material harmful to minors." Two of the books in question are by Jock Sturges, whose work features images of nude children. Sturges faced charges of producing child pornography several years ago, although his images are not sexually explicit. The case was brought against the bookstore following a complaint from a member of the conservative religious group Focus on the Family. Representatives of the New York-based Barnes and Noble chain said it would defend itself against the charges in court, stating that the corporation believes the charges are "without merit." The maximum penalty faced by the store for the misdemeanor charge is $50.

Australia Censors Annie Sprinkle

Performance artist and sex worker Annie Sprinkle reports that her new one-woman show "Annie Sprinkle's Herstory of Porn — From Reel to Real" has failed to gain approval from the Australian film censorship board. Sprinkle was scheduled to perform the show in February and March. Without approval, however, Sprinkle and the show's producers and theater operators would risk arrest. The show is a "diary about my own, and society's, evolution through the sexual revolution," according to Sprinkle, "utilizing clips from films that I have made over the past 25 years. It is meant to be artistic, educational, healing, and feministic." Sprinkle noted the irony in the fact that she was able to perform her previous show — "Post-Porn Modernist", which included live masturbation — in Australia with no problems, but cannot perform a show that features film excerpts but no nudity or live sex.

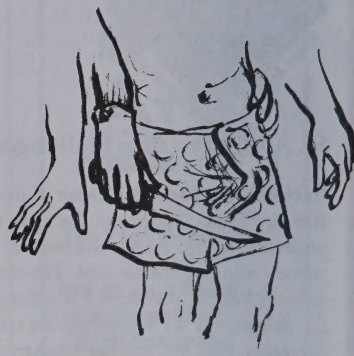
Nude Rodins Censored

In October, four nude statues were removed from an exhibition of the work of the French sculptor Auguste Rodin at Brigham Young University in Provo, UT. The university is owned and run by the Mormon church. The pieces removed include one of the artist's most famous works, "The Kiss," and "Saint John the Baptist Preaching." The works are not sexually explicit. According to BYU Museum of Art Director Campbell Gray, "We have felt that the nature of those works are such that the viewer will be concentrating on them in a way that is not good for us." According to organizers of the traveling exhibit, no other institution has felt the need to delete works from the show.

Liz Highleyman is a freelance journalist and health educator. She is editor of the pansexual leather community newspaper Cuir Underground *and associate editor of the anthology* Bisexual Politics: Theories, Queries and Visions.

DEAR JANE PART 7:

Chance Encounters and Strange Twists of Fate



"Dear Jane" is an ongoing soap opera created in a round-robin effort by members of the ATM *staff... and gullible friends like Stephanie Berger and Shadow Morton, who wrote this episode.*

Our Heroes:

Barbara, janitor by night, poet by day, is searching for a way to talk to Erika about her secret fantasies...
Erika, still on the rebound from Jane, is now dating Ray, her first man in years... but secretly lusting after Barbara...
Jane, meanwhile, is furious at finding out that Erika is dating a man. Jane is still leaving vicious messages on Erika's answering machine...
Ray, a journalist, is dating Erika, his first woman in years — but wondering how he feels about Vickie, his "first" woman... who is now...
Vic, the hunky FTM security guard, who helped Erika and Ray revive Barbara — and may be trying to revive Ray's passion as well.

"Ray, I need to talk to you. Now." Ray slunk into Valerie's office. He had dreaded this moment for weeks. He just hoped this wasn't about the gossip column.

"Ray! I need you tonight. Kerry Lobel of NGLTF is in town and the bi and trans communities are hosting a big house party for her South of Market. You're going to cover it. This is your big break, Ray! If you do this right you could be the next Herb Caen meets RuPaul, with a little mix of Harvey Fierstein thrown in for good measure."

Ray sighed. If only he had a team like that backing him, maybe he'd have half a chance of getting someone to talk to him - even if it was just the security guard. Immediately his thoughts drifted to Vic's biceps. It *was* a bi and trans event! Maybe Vic would be there! This assignment might be tolerable after all. Then he remembered... "Val, I had plans tonight..."

"I don't care! This is too important. Chances like this don't happen often in a journalist's career. Do you want to make it in this business or not?"

Ray exhaled. "Okay, I'll do it."

"Great! If you leave now, you should have time to shit, shower and shave." Ray glared at Val indignantly. "Get rid of that scowl, Ray. You're gonna need that charming smile of yours tonight."

Ray opened his mouth to retort just as the phone rang. Val picked up the receiver, handed Ray the address and shooed him out of her office. As Ray shut the door, he heard his boss confidently tell the caller, "Don't worry. It's all set. He'll be there."

Ray's brain kicked into gear. How was he going to change his plans for tonight with Erika? She had to understand that this was his big break! Smiling, he acknowledged that he was actually excited about this party! But how was he going to tell Erika? He hurried down to his car, jumped in, and with a squeal of tires pulled away from the curb. He cursed and slammed the brakes at the first stop light just as it turned red. Off to his right, a familiar head of hair and cocky curve of hip caught his eye. As the light turned green, he recognized the woman. Barbara! A plan popped into his head.

Ray drove over to the curb and stopped in front of her. Barbara raised her hand to flip him the bird as he jumped out.

"Barbara! It's Ray! Erika's friend!" Recognition flooded Barbara's brain. And her face! She vividly recalled Erika naked in front of this man, tying off a condom on that fateful night she fell. Then she remembered Erika's sensuous body, the way her breasts rose and fell with anger and embarrassment. The blood drained from her face and rushed to her throbbing cunt which was getting wetter as the memories progressed.

Ray took her arms in both hands and shook her. "Barbara! You can help me! I need to get flowers to Erika with an apology for breaking off our date tonight! It's for work and I'm jammed for time! Can you help me out?"

"Uh, what did you have in mind?"

"She's working late tonight and I'm supposed to pick her up from work. I can't! My boss just sent me on assignment and this is my big break! Can you pick up some flowers and take a note to her?"

Numbly, Barbara nodded. Ray quickly scribbled something on a scrap of paper from his pocket. He slapped the note and a $20 bill into her palm, gave her a big hug and a thanks. He jumped into his car, and sped away. Watching him leave, Barbara's mind came to life with all kinds of possibilities.

Ray pulled into the parking lot of the building Valerie had indicated. He noted the absence of other cars. Maybe he was early, he thought. With a deep breath, Ray got out, made his way to the building and buzzed #205. A garbled voice buzzed him in. Ray took the steps two at a time and stopped in front of the apartment. Mentally, he steeled himself, put on his most charming smile, and opened the door.

He faltered on his second step into the room. It was empty! Except for hundreds of lit candles and a buffet table full of food. The door closed behind him and locked.

"Don't turn around!" a low gravely voice commanded. "And take your clothes off." Ray giggled. Was this some kind of joke? Suddenly a hot breath tickled his neck. "Didn't you hear me?" Ray sucked in air as the razor edge of a knife pressed against his throat. "If you do as you're told, you won't get hurt... Or at least that you won't enjoy!" The voice snickered.

Ray knew that he should be terrified, but his dick sprang to life, betraying his desires. A sinister chuckle sent shivers down his spine. Ray carefully undid his pants and stepped out of them. His jacket followed the pants, as did the tie and shirt. Ray blushed. He'd never felt so naked before.

"Aren't you forgetting something, little boy?" Cool leather pants pressed tight against his exposed thighs as the knife slid from his throat, down his chest and stopped at the base of his balls. Ray's imagination could taste the blood beading up to the surface behind the tip of the knife as it passed over his skin. The raspy sound of tearing fabric abruptly ended Ray's fantasizing. The knife sliced through his boxers just below his balls. Ray pushed himself to his toes as the knife slipped past the shaft of his dick. Even the cold air rushing to his blood-engorged cock did nothing to stave off his sexual intensity.

His ruined boxers fell to his ankles. A sharp blow between his shoulder blades propelled Ray forward into the nearest table. His face was pressed into a plate of veggies and a rough hand grabbed a carrot and shoved it into Ray's mouth. The knife was carefully set in front of Ray as if in warning. Something wet and smooth rubbed against his ass, and Ray raised his hips to meet the gesture. Somewhere in his confusion Ray realized that he should resist. But this felt too damn good!

As the cock entered him, he bit hard into the carrot. His assailant's steady but slow pace picked up intensity with Ray's ragged breathing. Ray groaned as the telltale urgency gripped his thighs. His balls tucked in tight to the base of his dick as it rubbed against the tablecloth. As Ray concentrated on not choking on the carrot, he fantasized eating it out of Erika's ass. He imagined how the combined flavors would taste — the musky taste of Erika combined with the sweetness of the carrot. Urgent grunts behind him mingled with the taste of the carrot and pushed Ray over the edge. He swallowed the carrot as hot cum pooled beneath his stomach and mixed with the guacamole.

"Come on, lover, fuck me harder! I want to hear you cum!" shouted Ray. He smiled as hips slammed against his ass and shuddered with pleasure. Ray sighed contentedly as the still-hard cock eventually pulled out of him. Strong hands lifted him upright and turned him around. Cum and avocado squished audibly as the two pressed against each other in an embrace.

"So how did you and Valerie pull this off?" Ray asked as he leaned wearily into his assailant.

Vic chuckled seductively. "Val and I go way back. Remember the girlfriend I told you about? The one who left me once I transitioned because it messed with her lesbian identity?"

"Val!?"

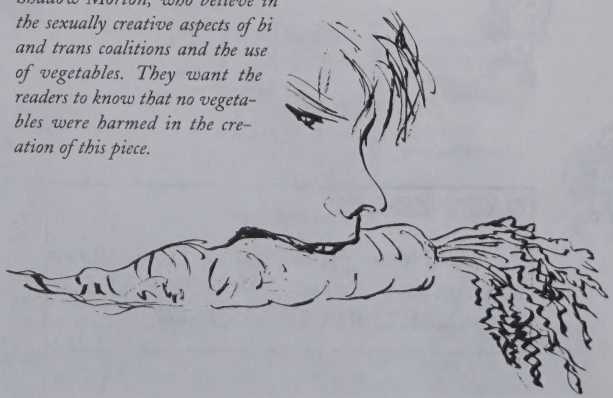
"The one and only! We stayed in touch over the years. When I needed extra money, she got me this job as a security guard. When I told her I still had the hots for you, she came up with this little plan. I hope I didn't pull you away from anything important tonight."

Ray reached behind him, grabbed a tortilla chip and scooped a dribble of cum and avocado from his torso. With a smirk, he popped it into his mouth and smiled.

Barbara shifted the flowers from one hand to the other. As she stepped up to Erika's office door, she could hear Erika shouting Jane's name. Barbara took a deep breath and knocked on the door. She didn't wait for a reply. She walked firmly through the door and into Erika's office.

Erika's angry scowl at the intrusion softened as she noticed the look in Barbara's eyes and the flowers in her arms.

Written by Stephanie Berger and Shadow Morton, who believe in the sexually creative aspects of bi and trans coalitions and the use of vegetables. They want the readers to know that no vegetables were harmed in the creation of this piece.



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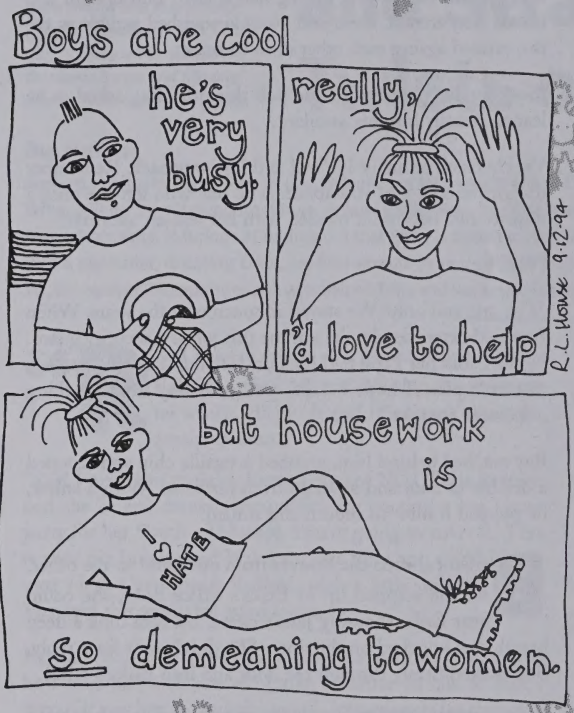

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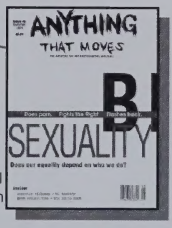

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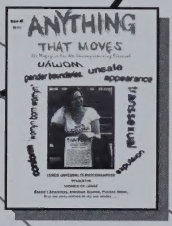

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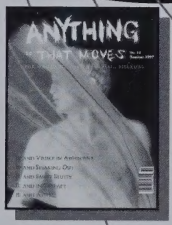

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